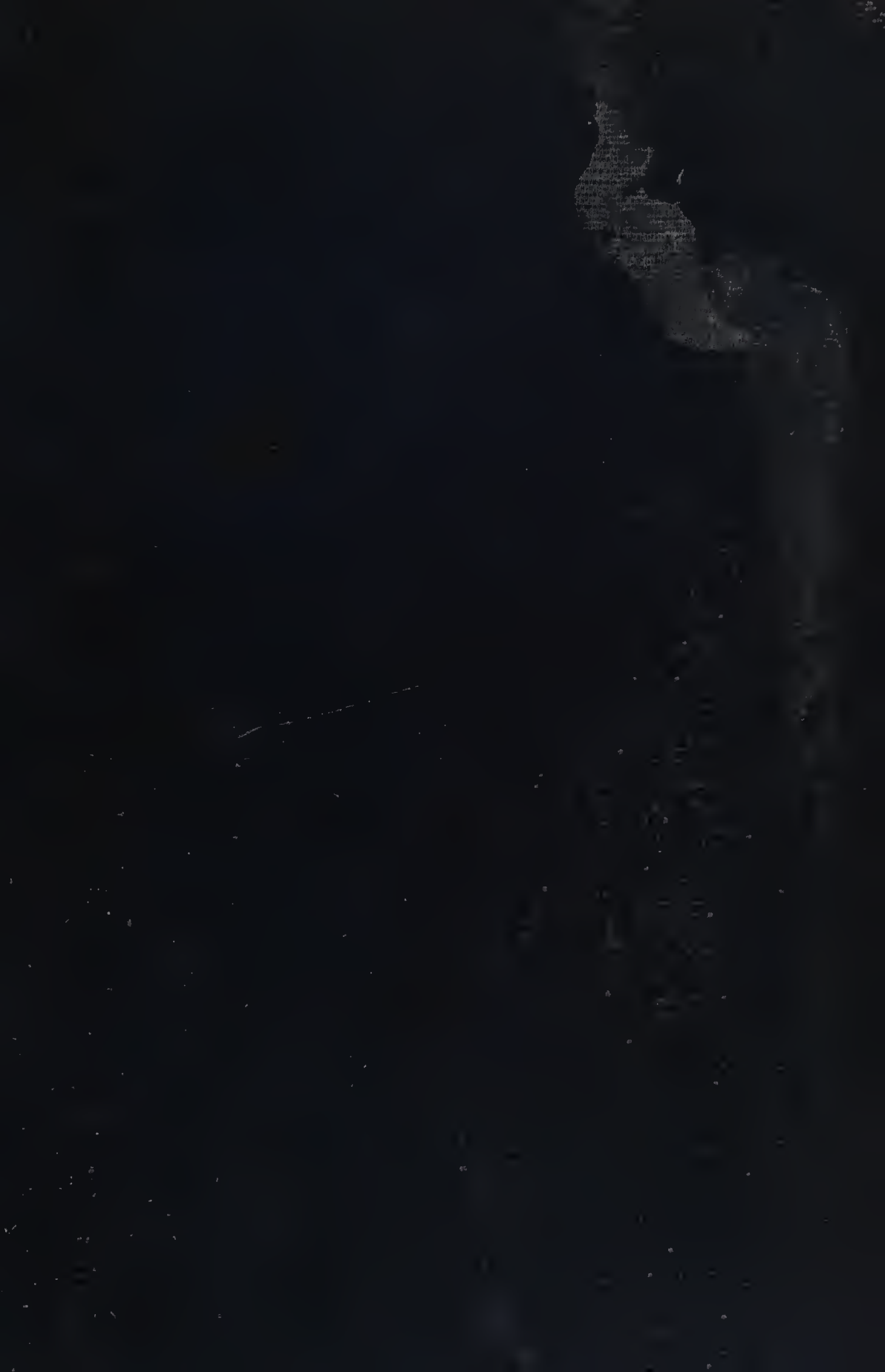

The lank shivering figure that could hardly keep its feet against the undertow, they soon knew to be Popjoy

(*See page* 66)

BUSHRANGERS

by CHARLES J. FINGER

ILLUSTRATED WITH WOODCUTS
by PAUL HONORÉ

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TO MY FRIEND

Major G. W. Maddox

U. S. ARMY

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY WAY OF PREFACE

THE term "bushranger" was first used by those living under the Southern Cross to signify not necessarily an outlaw, but rather something very like the *chaldon* of Siberia, prisoners who, rather than submit tamely to gross indignities thrust upon them by men in authority, dared to publish their own emancipation proclamations, facing unknown dangers with a slight hope of freedom. For it is certain that hatred and violence were, far too often, meted out to the unfortunate exiles with no light hand.

Consider the case of Joseph Todd, by way of instance, marking what befell him a few days before he would have obtained his release in a healthy state of things. Against him the Fates wrought cruelly.

One day, in the early part of the year 1839, Sir Maurice O'Connell, who held a position of some honor under the Crown, bethought him that a flight of stone steps would look well on his estate at Woolloomooloo Bay. Immediately, in the manner of Egyptian monarchs who set no exaggerated value on human life or labor, he enlisted the interests of the sycophants that gather about every man with the stranglehold, as hyenas are said to follow the trail of the lion, and a gang of convicts was set to work.

Now there was a law, or a rule, or an order, promulgated by no one seemed to know who, that no convict should stand with his head covered when an official or an officer passed, and jacks-in-office looked well to it that the order was enforced. To be sure the uncovering of the head might not betoken respect, but at any rate there was the illusion of it; there was an appearance of servility, a kind of recognition of the desolating hand of power and all that sort of thing; and to move in an atmosphere of authority delights the soul of man.

In the course of the work, some of the convicts chanced to be rolling, with great difficulty, a large and rounded stone up a steep embankment, and while they did so an officer passed that way. As it fell out, the overseer of the gang stood at the bottom of the slope, and he was one with an unfortunate disposition to bullying, a loudly shouting and gesticulating man, a domineering and persecuting spirit, though one humble in his bearing towards those from whom favors might be expected. He, seeing the officer, flung up a hairy hand in salute, and, at the same moment, called loudly to the men working, bidding them take their hats off. That they did, whereupon the stone, suddenly released, rolled swiftly down the slope, breaking the leg of the overseer and very narrowly missing the officer, while the convicts, amply protected by law, watched the mischief, perhaps filled with that sudden glory arising from the conception of personal eminence as compared with the infirmities of others, which, as old Hobbes held, is true mirth.

Seeing the blighting effect of all that senseless saluting, the work being delayed because of the accident, Sir Maurice framed a law then and there, by which it was enacted that henceforth convicts should attend zealously to the business in hand, neither uncovering, nor saluting, nor paying any attention that might come under the head of etiquette, to their superiors, and thereafter, for a few days, all went very well.

But a certain Colonel Wilson, Chief Police Magistrate of Sydney, made a semi-official visit to the works, accompanied by his daughter, and, as it would seem, he had either failed to acquaint himself with the new law, or else had forgotten it. At any rate, seeing that the convicts went about their work quite heedless of him, he felt himself scorned, or slighted, or neglected, or insulted; his self-importance was wounded and his spirit sad and resentful. So he proffered remonstrance.

"Take off your hats, you scoundrels," he cried hotly, elevating his cane at an acute angle and striking an attitude emblematic of Authority. But with what must have seemed cheerful effrontery, his speech went unregarded.

At that moment, a very Hercules of a fellow named Joseph Todd, a convict whose purgatory days were on the eve of completion, walked towards the Colonel, and on his shoulder he bore a pole. Either because he was engrossed with his task, or did not hear, or could not see, or was unaware of the authority of the gentleman with the cane, or was wrapped in medi-

tation, cannot now be said, but it is certain that he moved along an unswerving path, and, had not the Colonel leaped to one side, the end of the pole must have struck him.

"Off with your hat, fellow," said the Colonel, red with indignation, tapping the pole bearer very sharply on the shoulder with his cane. "Off with your hat!"

J. Todd slowly turned to face the speaker, his pole describing a wide and dangerous circle, so that the Colonel had to retreat to the zone of safety with utmost precipitation. "If it's got to come off, it's you what's got to do the job, old cock," declared Todd, with what struck the Colonel as extreme familiarity, he knowing nothing of the choice between two sharp-pointed alternatives confronting the convict. So vast indignation filled the official heart.

After a slight pause the convict went on. "Me, I'm busy with this pole, an' our orders is that no 'ats comes off. Put that in your pipe an' smoke it." Then, making peculiar rumbling sounds which might have been taken for suppressed inward laughter, J. Todd described a majestic arc with his pole and went his way, an industrious and law-abiding convict, conscious of well doing, in his heart an anthem of gladness.

"Eh?" shouted the Colonel, shocked and astonished. There was one deep drawn breath, then, "Come back! Come back at once!" he commanded. "I'll have your back skinned for you, you impudent dog!"

But the shoulders of J. Todd betokened resolution,

and his fellow convicts seemed to display an extraordinary richness of activity.

Defiant levity? An official of the Crown flouted? Fire flashed from the Colonel's eye as it became manifest that something had to be done, Law, Order and Authority itself, being at stake. Plainly it was a case for the iron heel and measures Draconian. Happily, at this juncture, Force appeared in the person of Sergeant Mather, so J. Todd was taken under arrest by order of the Chief Magistrate, and, being startled, or deciding that his burden was no part of his person, he dropped his pole, which, rebounding, struck the shin of the Sergeant, so that he had to limp painfully as he conducted his prisoner; indeed, towards the end of the journey, had to be supported by him. Most unfortunately, and perhaps due to the physical anguish that he suffered, the Sergeant misconstrued J. Todd's solicitous remarks for facetious comment, and much that the convict said on his way to the guard house was used against him later at the trial.

For there was a trial, a celebrated case, with Sir Maurice O'Connell appearing in court to defend the conduct and the person of J. Todd. The Chief Police Magistrate, on the other side, held, with much bland dignity, that by so doing the military gentleman was guilty of something very much akin to complicity with vice, of fostering insubordination and of similar fearful things, all tending to mar the peace of mind of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. So there were words, and testimonies, and affidavits,

and several times during the hearing the Police Magistrate was moved to eloquence on the subject of the imperfection of human life and character, and bore abundant testimony to his own devotion to the cause of Truth and Justice. But in the end, Sergeant Mather produced damning evidence, not only repeating the uncomfortable words of J. Todd as spoken on the way to the guard house, but placing on exhibition his own leg, and revealing the scraped shin, as showing that the prisoner had been violent when taken under arrest. With great tact, the Bench declared that the violent throwing down of the pole was technically an overt act, to be legally designated as disorderly conduct; further, that poles handled carelessly were dangerous weapons, and testified from his own personal knowledge and experience to that effect. From that he went on to say many other things about moral and physical confusion, telling the world that he himself was a devoted worker in the cause of social justice. Then he administered reproof, and as punishment, awarded J. Todd fifty lashes on the bare back with the cat o' nine tails, to be followed with a term of imprisonment. And, being a man both capable and devoted to Justice, as well as unsparing of his own feelings and comfort, when the whipping was done, he was there to see.

By similar treatment, or worse, many convicts were driven to the wilds; some tried to put an end to their lives by suicide; some killed their fellows,

preferring death by hanging to a life of moral and physical suffering.

Let it be said, too, that those sentenced to transportation were not always desperate rascals, as a reading of the Newgate Calendar will show. Sometimes, for very slight offenses, for petty theft or minor delinquencies, for being imbued with a "dangerous" political spirit even, men and boys were exiled. There was the case of William Westwood, known in Australia as Jacky Jacky, who was hanged at the age of twenty-six years, in 1846. "I do not grieve," he wrote in a last letter, one which reveals high intelligence and ability, "that the hour is approaching that is to end my earthly career. I welcome death as a friend. . . . Out of the bitter cup of misery I have drunk from my sixteenth year, and the sweetest draught is that which takes away the misery of living death." You search the letter in vain for signs of cant or of sentimentality; the whole rings true. It is an indictment of the system and an able argument against transportation. "Every species of petty tyranny," he says, "that long experience has taught some of these tyrants, is put in force by the authorities. The men are half starved, hard worked, and cruelly flogged."

Jacky Jacky, after a period of bushranging, a well dressed and well mounted man, was captured and sent to Norfolk Island, which was to the convict settlement proper much as the terrible island of Sakhalin was to Siberia. There, at the mercy of

the absolute arbitrariness of jailers brutalized by hatred, eighteen hundred half-starved prisoners one day broke under the strain, and revolted. For a time none stood forth as leader, leadership meaning sure and certain death, escape from Norfolk Island being impossible. So at the best, revolt was but a gesture. But Jacky Jacky had thought and determined, and, full of the spirit that animated old Louis Tournay when he battered at the Bastille gates, he rose up.

"I've made up my mind to bear this oppression no longer," he shouted. "But remember, I'm going to the gallows to lead you. If any man funks, let him stand out. Come on, those who will, follow to the death."

Thereafter, wild ruin thundered for an hour or two, and the harvest of hatred and bitterness, of violence and force, was reaped. But Jacky Jacky, like many another leader, found that though men talk boldly enough, at the critical time those willing to subordinate pain or fear to resolution are few. So, at the sight of a file of soldiers, many hearts failed, and there was capitulation. That night, of the rebels, no less than one thousand one hundred and ten were placed on the chain, but Jacky Jacky and twelve others accepted death rather than the frightful welter of pain and cruelty that was life.

In the pages that follow, I have not tried to tell the tale of sorrow, of anti-social conceptions generated by life in a convict settlement, but have chosen

to pick out from here and there odd incidents that go to make, as I hope, jolly reading. For it is not pleasant to plumb the abyss of suffering. But let it be said that bravery is not a quality peculiar to those appearing to live within the law, and many a social pariah has within him the soul of a Winkelried, or a Washington, or a John Ball. Nor can you, with justice, sweep away whole sections of the human race with the word "Criminal!", seeing that criminals are no more like each other than are bankers, or policemen, or store clerks, or artists. Bad men are very apt to behave, on occasion, with unexpected kindness, or wisdom, or gentility. On the other hand, as you know and as I know, very respectable men may be very unpleasant company. The trouble is that when we start with a prejudice against a man, there is but small opportunity for us to acquaint ourselves with the pleasant side of his character.

But I seem to be getting into deep water. So to the tales, if, indeed, you have not read the book before tackling the preface, as I invariably do.

CHARLES J. FINGER.

GAYETA LODGE,
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.
June 22nd, 1924.

STORMY PETREL POPJOY

The Man Who Sought an Epic Hour

THE MILLING-MATCH

(*By Thomas Moore in* Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress:—
"Account of the Milling-match between Entellus and Dares, translated from the Fifth Book of the Æneid by One of the Fancy.")

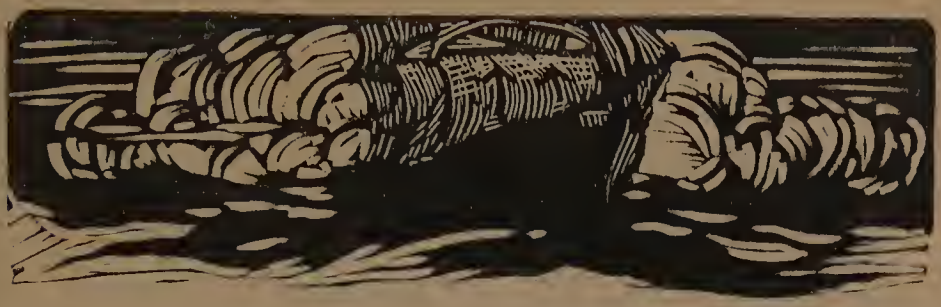
With daddles high upraised, and mob held back,
In awful prescience of the impending thwack,
Both kiddies stood—and with preclusive spar,
And light maneuvering, kindled up the war!
The One, in bloom of youth—a light-weight blade—
The Other, vast gigantic, as if made,
Express, by Nature, for the hammering trade;
But aged, slow, with stiff limbs, tottering much,
And lungs that lack'd the bellows-mender's touch.

Yet, sprightly to the scratch, both Buffers came,
While ribbers rung from each resounding frame,
And divers digs, and many a ponderous pelt,
Were on their broad bread-baskets heard and felt.
With roving aim, but aim that rarely miss'd
Round lugs and ogles flew the frequent fist;
While showers of facers told so deadly well,
That the crush'd jaw-bones crackled as they fell!
But firmly stood Entellus—and still bright,
Though bent by age, with all the Fancy's light,
Stopp'd with a skill, and rallied with a fire
The immortal Fancy could alone inspire!
While Dares, shifting round, with looks of thought,
An opening to the cove's huge carcass sought
(Like General Preston, in that awful hour,
When on one leg he hopp'd to—take the Tower!),
And here, and there, explored with active fin,
And skillful feint, some guardless pass to win,
And prove a boring guest when once let in.

And now Entellus, with an eye that plann'd
Punishing deeds, high raised his heavy hand;
But ere the sledge came down, young Dares spied
Its shadow o'er his brow, and slipped aside—
So nimbly slipp'd, that the vain nobber pass'd
Through empty air; and He, so high, so vast,

Who dealt the stroke, came thundering to the ground!—
Not B—ck—gh—m himself, with balkier sound,
Uprooted from the field of Whiggist glories,
Fell souse, of late, among the astonish'd Tories!
Instant the ring was broke, and shouts and yells
From Trojan Flashmen and Sicilian Swells
Fill'd the wide heaven—while, touch'd with grief to see
His pal, well-known through many a lark and spree,
Thus rumly floor'd, the kind Ascestes ran,
And pitying rais'd from earth the game old man.
Uncow'd, undamaged to the sport he came,
His limbs all muscle, and his soul all flame.
The memory of his milling glories past,
The shame that aught but death should see him grass'd.
All fired the veteran's pluck—with fury flush'd,
Full on his light-limb'd customer he rush'd,—
And hammering right and left, with ponderous swing
Ruffian'd the reeling youngster round the ring—
Nor rest, nor pause, nor breathing-time was given
But, rapid as the rattling hail from heaven
Beats on the house-top, showers of Randall's shot
Around the Trojan's lugs fell peppering hot!
'Till now Æneas, fill'd with anxious dread,
Rush'd in between them, and, with words well-bred,
Preserved alike the peace and Dares' head,
Both which the veteran much inclined to break—
Then kindly thus the punish'd youth bespake:
"Poor Johnny Raw! what madness could impel
So rum a Flat to face so prime a Swell?
See'st thou not, boy, the Fancy, heavenly maid,
Herself descends to this great Hammerer's aid,
And, singling him from all her flash adorers,
Shines in his hits, and thunders in his floorers?
Then, yield thee, youth,—nor such a spooney be,
To think mere man can mill a Deity!"

Thus spake the chief—and now, the scrimmage o'er,
His faithful pals the done-up Dares bore
Back to his home, with tottering gams, sunk heart,
And mums and noddle pink'd in every part.
While from his gob the guggling claret gush'd
And lots of grinders, from their sockets crush'd
Forth with the crimson tide in rattling fragments rush'd!



STORMY PETREL POPJOY

1

THIS is the story of a man who dreamed of an epic hour and who sought delirious excitement in danger.

As a little chap of eight years or so he sat, open mouthed, listening to tales of giants and ogres as told by an Irish grandmother. When a little older, he found fellows in the mean streets of Londonderry who fired his soul with tales of devil-may-care recklessness. Not that the stories were told to him, a mere street urchin, barefooted and tousel-headed, but that sailor men, in ale houses and along the water-side, who were given to talk freely, disregarded him while they spun their yarns, so that he sat unnoticed and whetted his appetite for bloodthirsty adventure. Thus, he lived richly enough in his world of poverty, and, being grown, sailed the seas, not only that he might escape the grimy town where existence was blank and meaningless, but also to seek shores where life was tremendous, where there were change and adventure, where there were hard knocks and triumphant emergences from dangers.

His fortunes were varied and the places he saw were many, the Baltic lands, for instance, and the Bermudas, and far Iceland. A mere lad he was, on the brig *Frolic,* when it was captured by the American *Wasp.* But nationality was an idle conceit with him and he cheerfully took arms on the other side; and so, less than a year later, chanced to be seaman aboard the *Argus* when it was captured by the British *Pelican.* Because of that he came to be powder-monkey on the *Bellerophon* and thus saw Napoleon on the fifteenth day of July, in 1815, when he surrendered. In all of these events he was subordinate, nor did he stand as leader of men until the affair in Glasgow, when, all avid of excitement and in adventurous mood, he flung himself into the midst of a riot there. What the commotion was about he neither knew nor did he care to know, and certainly the matters fought over touched him not at all, but he enjoyed to the full the hurly-burly of it, the shouting and the running to and fro, the yells and the shrieks and the sight of mounted men galloping and clattering over the cobblestones, trying to disperse the crowd with drawn swords. So, all of that September morning in the year 1819, he strove furiously, an erect and youthful figure, heading his mob most gallantly, until, in their stalwart ignorance, his own men attacked a quiet private house and dragged out a white-haired man. Whereupon, of a sudden, Popjoy became filled with a kind of carking humiliation at what he had helped to do. Dismayed and disgusted, he abandoned his followers and leaped to the side of the

old man, then stood alert and watchful, a horrible antagonist of those he had but a moment before headed. Horrible, because his ready weapon was a crowbar which he used, now as a quarter staff, again as a short spear, and a skull touched with it gave easily, as does thin ice.

His Bohemian recklessness led him at last to London, and, one day, chancing to quench his thirst at the sign of the Running Footman, he heard, as he sat in the sanded parlor, drinking rum, the laughter and talk of men in an inner chamber. That promising distraction, he picked up his glass and went through the door, hailing the men he saw and evincing a desire to join the party, not knowing, perhaps not caring to know, that the circle was private and select. But a tapster, jealous of the privacy and dignity of the little group, gave Mr. Popjoy a hint, not by any means diplomatically, but, on the contrary, rather coarsely and officiously, whereupon Popjoy directed outward circumstances to his own ends by knocking the servitor down, ordering him to arise and serve wine to the party at his expense, and then informed one and all that he sought decent and interesting company.

Such was the entering wedge by which Mr. Popjoy presently became a member of the famous Kegmeg Club, and Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, who was a little in his cups at the time, dubbed him Stormy Petrel Popjoy, having learned something of his adventures—a conceit that pleased the other members so well that the name stuck.

For the Kegmeg Club, which met at no other place

than the Running Footman in Bunhill Fields, hard by where John Bunyan and the gentle Isaac Watts lie at rest, had some wonderful members, men of an exhilarating and contagious enthusiasm, men who disliked a systematically programmed existence. Certainly, the vast majority of the members were mere admirers and hangers-on, rendering homage to the salient minority which had achieved a measure of fame and still craved the inebriation of public applause, but in that minority were bright shining stars. For example, there was Grimaldi the clown, and the Great Belzoni, and a noble lord or two, well enough known at the more aristocratic White's. Then there was Thomas Moore, who dearly loved a prize fight and the spirited company of "the fancy"; and the famous Captain Barclay made the Running Footman his headquarters, the same Barclay who managed Tom Cribb, England's ring champion, and not only managed him but groomed him, looking piercingly to the company that he kept, to the end that he might, some day, enjoy the friendship and respect of the highest in the land. Indeed it was because of that ambition that something happened, and then one thing led to another; there were widening results; there were ramifications and interlacings and tangles and misunderstandings, until, what commenced in the tap room of the Running Footman, came, by a kind of crescendo, to a climax in the antipodes.

For Barclay and Cribb were at their beer one fine day, enjoying the brew, the comfort of the place, and especially the ruddy leaping fire that made the cur-

tains more red and the pewter pots brighter—for a fire always burned in the grate of the tap room, regardless of seasons—when Romeo Coates walked in, all fur coated and bediamoned as was his habit, summer or winter. Having called for gin, Coates told his news, speaking with great rapidity but first warning his hearers that it was a tale of foolishness. The tale was that, on Coronation day, His Majesty King George the Fourth would be arrayed in robes the like of which had never before been seen on mortal man, and which had cost some twenty-five thousand pounds; that he would be dressed in sixteenth century mode; that the most wonderful mantle ever seen would be on his shoulders, a mantle of blue velvet all embroidered in gold and lined with ermine. All of that Coates told, and enjoyed telling, for he, himself, was given to pavonine display. Moreover, he said, ten thousand brave Britishers, many of them with empty bellies but high hopes, were planning to see the sight.

Coates was about to say more, when Captain Barclay stood up, pewter pot held high, and stoutly declared himself to be a loyal man and a true, a citizen of merit and probity and equable temper, after which he announced to the members of the Club that Tom Cribb, being the best man with his fists in all England, should have a place at the coronation where he could see and be seen.

"If John Gulley," said he, in the tone of a man who struggles with hidden annoyance, "stepped from the prize ring into Parliament, then Cribb, who is a far

better man, though I say it to his face, should take his place in society. Prize fighters, I say, and would say it to the King himself, deserve abundant honors. Look at John Broughton! Look at him, I say! Buried in Westminster Abbey with great men. And here's Tom Cribb with no honors at all, when his defeat of Ikey Pig alone deserves knighthood. Now if I was king—"

That flung the company into a discussion of the merits of this fighter and of that, and tales were told of long and Homeric contests, with intricacy of detail, when Romeo Coates suddenly remembered and told the company that "Gentleman" Jackson was to be a royal page at the coronation ceremony. At that Captain Barclay was thoroughly annoyed and Cribb not so much annoyed as astounded at the shortsightedness of princes.

"You see," he said, "it ain't that Jackson's a fighter, for I could lick him with one hand tied behind me back. It ain't his science an' it ain't his skill. It's because he broke his leg in that there mill with Ingleston and wanted to fight while they was both tied to their chairs. That's what it is and it only goes to show what kings know about the game."

Then Barclay spat in the ashes, being both angry and scornful, and, having cleared his throat preparatory to giving speech again, laid down his pipe upon the mantelpiece and opened his mouth, when the Stormy Petrel, big with news, flung himself into the room.

Popjoy, being no inconsiderable person, there were

silence and expectation in the company. For one thing, while in those days he was a man who seemed often bursting with laughter, yet he was knotty and hard as oak, and had a trick of turning his small, deep-set eyes on any who opposed him or interrupted him. He was tall and deep-chested, very vigorous in his manner and quick in his speech, though, as to the last, his energy ran to slum slang and thieves' patter at times of excitement. So, at his entry, Captain Barclay held what he had to say, and instead, asked the tidings.

"Tidings enough," said the sailor. "This king of yours is a Jeremy Diddler and a mace-gloak."

He stopped to stare at the tapster who stood expectant at his elbow. "Well, first give me a gum-tickler," he said, and the fellow became busy and handed him a drink that was no mean test of resolution. While he drank, some one spoke of the coronation pageant and prophesied good times since George the Third was in his grave. But Popjoy shook his head, put his pewter pot on the mantelpiece, then arrested the speaker with a flourish of his long, vigorous arm, and, after wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, fell into sledge hammer speech.

"Your king is a slip-gibbet!" he said in a kind of challenging way. "He is a half screwed clapper-dudgeon!" Then he looked about him keenly, as one who sought opposition.

"I don't know about all that there," observed Tom Cribb thoughtfully. "But it looks fishy, I say, making 'Gentleman' Jackson a corrynation page." He

repeated, with a touch of scorn. "A corrynation page, him!"

"Not only that," said the Stormy Petrel, and performed a kind of intermezzo, speaking very disrespectfully of the king in a magnificent burst of elocutionary thunder. After that there was a brief, dramatic pause, then he broke out again and bade them consider many things that he had been told, as how the king had married first one woman and then another; how he had acted disreputably at Brighton; how he had married his cousin for her money; how he had borrowed to pay his debts; how the very robes he wore were hired; how the good Queen Caroline was to be excluded from the ceremony. As to the last item in the bill of charges he waxed very indignant and seemed to suffer acute anguish of mind. Being finished, he took himself from the fireplace and sat at the table with Cribb, for the hearts of both were softened by the pathetic woes of the queen, and, as they pondered her case, their tears fell into their beer.

There was one in the company who was roused by Popjoy's recital to eloquent anger, a small and early middle-aged man with a wrinkled face and bleary eyes, who had been sitting quietly in a corner. Popjoy's speech ended, he rose up and said vivid things about kings and tyrants, tearing the veil from the face of society, as it were, to disclose corruption in high places and virtue in the kennel. He told of what might have been done by the men of Cato street, had it not been for spies and informers, and, warming to his subject, he wagged a knotty forefinger at Popjoy,

and said, "But if all Britons had *your* spirit, then—" and left the rest to be imagined. So one thing led to another, until it seemed, presently, that the world of men was but a worthless place and that some grievous wrong had been done to each and every one there. As for the little man, after a sulky silence he grew eloquent again and made a fiery speech which he ended by half chanting, nasally:

> "'War to the death,' should be your cry,
> Death to all partners in their guilt!
> Could you but only hate as I,
> The blood of all were quickly spilt."

Popjoy listened with sympathetic face while he whistled under his breath some tuneless air.

"You say," he said, "that they're goin' to shut the doors of the church in our faces, in the faces of all England? It seems to me that they ain't got no right to keep any one out of church. We're true born Britishers, ain't we? That is, of course, I'm Irish, but we ought to have rights. We oughtn't to let 'em shut the doors in our faces. We ought to stand up for our rights an' show this king what's what, we ought."

"But where's the leader?" asked the wrinkled man, rising in his seat and leaning over to tap Popjoy on the arm. "England's got no leader. Why not? The answer's easy. See what rulers do to leaders. Look at Peterloo. Look at Cato street. But if *you'll* lead the Men of England—"

"Pooh! I don't want to lead no mobs," interrupted Popjoy. "I don't mind a piece of fun. I don't mind

making a try at them church doors. I could get a few rush-bucklers from the docks and we'd soon show 'em. But no mobs for me."

Tom Cribb had been sitting silent, pewter pot in hand, taking in all that had been said, his brows drawn down, a frowning, pondering man. He fell into raucous speech at Popjoy's remark and said, "That's the ticket. Rush-bucklers. The very thing, and—" He broke off suddenly to entertain a new idea that leaped into his mind. "Tell you, Pop. Let's get Belzoni. Me an' you an' Belzoni. Eh?"

Then everybody talked at once, testifying to Belzoni's strength, to his prowess, to his affairs, to everything concerning him, and Romeo Coates was all for hiring a hall, for speechmaking and the organizing of a Queen Caroline party. But all that, Stormy Petrel Popjoy frowned upon.

"No. No. No mobs and no parties for me," he said. "Three good men is better than mobs. A mob's a mob and it's never two steps from murder and robbery. I know mobs. They're always ready to kill. Anything'll do for 'em so long as it's a name. For liberty, for equality, for anything. Mobs want blood. If they can't get it one way they'll get it another. If you're winnin', your mob's with you, but if you slip, God help a man. I know mobs. I tell you I don't mind having a try at them church doors, if they locks them, for the sport of it. But no mobs. No parties. No principles for me."

"I'm with you about mobs," said the pugilist, viewing things from his own personal angle while regard-

ing his hairy arm with affection. "There was the mob all for Ikey Pig one minute and all for me the next. Take a mob, man for man, an' you got nothing but a string of weak gizzards'd gassers. Take 'em in a bunch an' you got wild animals. So let's do the job ourselves. We'll get Belzoni. Six foot seven he stands, if he's a inch, and a fellow who can carry ten men around. I seen him do it."

At that, Cribb grew reminiscent and radiated eagerness, and his heavy mouth relaxed in a queer smile. "I don't forget the time when his chief actress married Tom Moore, the verse maker, who knows the ring game even if he is only a writer. I think 'twas the year I went forty-one rounds with Jem Belcher. Forty-one rounds, mind you, an' me near a gonner an' 'im wi' but one eye, when I landed a wallop—"

The tale told a thousand times went its course, none so bold as to interrupt; then there was more drink and much airy planning, with the wizened man very loquacious. Popjoy left the Running Footman betimes, there being, he said, a few stout men at the riverside for him to see. In his mission the name of Belzoni had weight, as also did the name of Tom Cribb. Thus it came about that the trusty few sought by the Stormy Petrel soon became a very untrustworthy many before three days had passed, for the news flew fast, and the leaven worked.

But the news did not reach Popjoy that at the last hour Tom Cribb was honored by an appointment as royal page, whereupon principle was speedily subordinated to ambition and pride.

Because of the activity of the Stormy Petrel's trusty few, King George the Fourth suffered a severe shock on the day of his coronation. Without the annoyance of the mob, matters were difficult enough, for the day was hot and oppressive, so that what with the crowd of courtiers and the weight of his robes, the portly gentleman came near to fainting, and, at the end of the first part of the long ceremony, was glad to strip himself in the seclusion of the Confessor's Chapel and stand awhile in a cool breeze, wearing nothing but his crown. It was there, in the quaint quiet, that his majestic lord-in-waiting, Salisbury of Hatfield, told of the excitement in the street, and of a packed mass rigidly excluded from the building, yelling for admission, pressing on the place and, here and there, some calling for the Queen.

Certainly, there was most promising disorder outside, and every minute others came marching or running, busy as swarming ants. A bold few went so far as to batter on the locked doors, but it was, after all, a poorly disciplined body, and a few tall soldiers, grenadiers who had seen Waterloo, managed without overmuch difficulty to clear a space about the steps, then stood, rigidly fronting the crowds, heedless of booings and pointings and scurrilities, thoroughly sceptical of the heroism of the mob.

Wild rumors flew. Here one told how the strange thing hatched in Cato street was about to show its head, not having been slain at all when Thistlewood met his fate. In another place men spoke of revenge for Peterloo, for men and women and

children trampled to death by a saber-wielding cavalry. The emotional atmosphere was one of semi-hysterical sentimentality, with a kind of belief that those who were there stood as champions for an insulted queen, who was somewhere in the neighborhood in her coach, and there were not wanting ominous whisperings that the king would never leave the Banquet Hall alive. Still, there was nothing definite, no marked move of the surging crowd, until a man in a leather apron at the edge of things began to beat a drum; then, very soon, there was a parting of the people, not suddenly, but as though an opening had been made by an invisible wedge, and along the lane thus made the drummer advanced, beating lustily; behind him walked the mighty Belzoni, head and shoulders above all there. Next, resplendent in a crimson waistcoat and white hat, came Belzoni's friend, John Murray, and behind him the blue clad sailor Popjoy, a human stream moving in his wake. And so the three came at last to the space before the steps, and stood fronting the six grenadiers, and there halted.

"Go on! Go on!" shouted those in the forefront of the crowd, and there was a surging forward. "Go on! We'll back you!"

Hearing that, Belzoni turned and faced the mob, his great fist doubled, and those nearest suddenly tried to be inconspicuous, so that there was a pressing which soon became a general move rearwards, and the three were left unhampered in a little semi-circle fronting the soldiers. But the uniformed men stood like pillars, shoulder to shoulder, making no move.

Then, "Clear the way, there!" bawled Popjoy to the grenadiers, and the words were no sooner said than those at the front saw the three launch themselves forward, charging like a trio of Winkelrieds, and in less than a minute later the soldiers were swept into the middle of the crowd, separated from each other, inextricably mixed with citizens, their tall bearskin hats tossing in the human swelter and swirling mass like buoys in a troubled sea.

For a while it was planless, planless and confused, with the crowd roaring like a distant thunder storm. One man in the middle of the mass shouted something, and, being raised on to some elevation, commenced to harangue those about him, his roar rising above the turbulence of voices. Because of what he said, there grew a kind of rallying cry, which soon spread: "Justice for Queen Caroline! Justice for Queen Caroline!" and a man, bellowing like a bull, wormed through the crowd, making his way towards the door, holding high an ax. Then a sound came savagely, a sound of repeated crashings, the sound of a battering ram against wood, as Belzoni and Popjoy, in a kind of frenzied rapture, launched an iron post against the oaken door. On the other door there was an attack by the man with the ax, a sharp splitting and smashing, and each of his furious blows brought a deep roar from the crowd. So the confusion grew and there were screams from hysterical women, discordant cries, a vast struggling and fury everywhere, and the crowd itself became a

Belzoni and Popjoy launched the iron post against the door

blundering beast, hoarse and weary, yet excitement hungry.

Suddenly the doors were thrown open and the mob surged up the steps, a boiling and bubbling torrent; a strange fury quite uncontrollable; a restless flowing to no goal, to any goal.

The happiness of the newly crowned king was poisoned by the news of all that turmoil. At the banquet he smiled occasionally, it is true, but it was a smile from the teeth outwards; inwardly he was unquiet and full of grotesque fancies, picturing himself dragged from his coach, mauled by gutter snipes, humiliated. Soon he abandoned the semblance of pleasantry, and, while eloquent courtiers displayed nimbleness of wit, or lauded their monarch with proper verbosity, he sat thinking gloomy thoughts and gnawing his finger nails. For it was far from clear to him that he could reach Carlton House in safety that night, until the broad-shouldered, freckled, smiling Hubert De Ros, of the Guards, suggested a rear door exit and a circuitous route to the back entrance of the palace.

Because of that suggestion, near midnight there was an unhappy royal procession moving by torchlight into strange neighborhoods, up Abingdon Street and along Millbank, past smut-gray houses and market places, along garbage-littered streets, through Five Fields; crooking here and there, once floundering through an evil-smelling ditch. At last, in the

gray light of an early dawn, the royal cortège arrived at the servants' entrance to the palace, a bedraggled and weary body of nervous courtiers, but it was a far less numerous body than had sat at the banquet, seeing that the bolder spirits, led by Charles Balfour of the Hussars, quite early forsook the procession for a night at White's.

Nor was it without cause that ahead of the dispirited body trotted Townsend, the Bow Street runner, a man fat and fussy and important, who called out continually, "Take care of your pockets! Thieves are about!" Hearing this, the king, vastly agitated, his self-esteem enormously diminished, bade the officers of his escort keep well up to the carriage doors. Many valuables changed hands that night and many a drawing-room hero, becoming separated from his friends, lost his purse.

Of all the rascals who hung on the skirts of the party like sharks about a ship, Sailor Popjoy was the merriest. Mounted on a butcher's nag, which he had taken from a stable in Westminster Street, he so managed matters that he sent the royal party by devious routes here and there, by directing the head of it, much as a goat-herd manages his willful animals. Up and down along the line of the procession he rode, laughing loudly, enjoying the sport of it, indifferent to warnings hurled at him. That he was doing no more than having a tremendous piece of fun never occurred to him, and his heart was lifted as he reflected that he would sit high in the estimation of his fellows, a man who had done what no one else dared

to do. His only regret was that it was all the affair of a night, the ecstasy of an hour. Then, like a flash, came the notion that he would do well to secure some trophy, something to show his cronies of the Kegmeg club, something brave and bright and glorious on which he might hang a tale to confound Tom Cribb. The thought struck him as they were passing a lonely house in Millbank, where, hearing the commotion, a man in a nightcap thrust his head through an open casement, then held out a lighted lantern. The light of it sent a gleam flashing into Popjoy's eyes, a ray reflected momentarily from a jewel hung about the neck of a rider in the cortège. Thereafter, the Stormy Petrel attached himself to the wearer of the trinket, one known to his fellows as Earl Ripley, a silk-clad, eagle-faced gentleman. To be sure there were two serving-men with the nobleman, but them Popjoy heeded not at all. His mind was set on the trinket as trophy.

As the procession passed through the Willow Walk, leaving the Seven Chimneys to the right, Popjoy suddenly shot in ahead of the earl, thus heading him off from the rest of the riders, and his two attendants did nothing to prevent.

"Stop!" shouted Popjoy, and clutched at the bit of the rich man's horse, at which there was sudden terror on the face of the Earl, and, for a moment, he seemed to lose volition. As for the men with him, they merely stared in blank astonishment and utter weariness.

"Oh! nonsense!" said the Earl, in a weak endeavor

to pull himself together and carry matters off bravely. "We are in London and not on the heath, fellow, and I am of the king's party. So none of this nonsense."

There was more of boyish gaiety than of coarse insolence in the Petrel's remark, when he made reply, saying, "Pay your footing like a lord, for these streets don't often see kings. Don't pitch the fork, old feller, as the saying is. Besides, I want something to remember this game by. That there chain, for instance."

"If you are serious—" began the nobleman, but suddenly found himself too dignified to parley. For a moment his eye rested upon his assailant, then, very deliberately, he took off and offered the chain, and, while Popjoy was looking at it, drew from his pocket a handful of coins which he let fall on the cobble stones, a ringing shower. The money Popjoy disdained, leaving it for whosoever chose to pick it up, and, kicking his steed into a livelier gait, he went trotting heavily to the head of the procession, shouting as he went, and swinging high the gold chain in great glee. All down Constitution Hill he rode with the party, nor did he attempt to leave it until the gateway at the rear entrance of the palace was sighted, when he turned and rode up to the Bow Street runner, holding out a triumphant hand.

"Look, Townsend, old pounce. I done all this," he said, smiling triumphantly as he leaned low over his horse's neck. "That is, I done it with a few rushbucklers. Tell the King that it was Popjoy made him

take the back door, and tell him to go back to his lawful wife. And tell him that if he wants me, any one knows where I am to be found hanging out."

He straightened himself in his seat and shook his rein, preparing to ride off, when it seemed to him as if a big form stepped out of the darkness. Some one called out "Tom Cribb!" and, at the same moment something seemed to launch itself at him and he felt a blow of tremendous force so that he swayed on his horse and fell. A moment later he was on his feet, but his opponent was tremendously active, so active, indeed, that Popjoy was overcome with astonishment. He fell back a pace and squared himself, launched an ineffectual fist. The pugilist was swifter. Popjoy groaned with the force of the blow, then staggered and fell. As he lay on the stones, he was dully conscious of Townsend talking rapidly and doing something. Against that he struggled violently, but in vain, and a last frantic effort made him realize that handcuffs were about his wrists. Then came another dull thud, and the dark.

Short was the shrift that Popjoy had. Though wildly acclaimed by vociferous admirers and hero worshipers in pot-houses and rook-shops, though his doings were told of by fogle-hunters and forney-droppers, the judge found the public uncritical and prejudiced, and its plaudits woke no responsive echo in his heart. At the trial, where the butcher who had lost his horse appeared, though not the Earl who had lost his gold chain, the judge bending on Popjoy a

look of utmost severity, with trenchant comment declared him guilty of horse stealing. The Stormy Petrel was sentenced to transportation for twenty years, and, in time, landed in New South Wales, with a whole continent as his future hunting ground.

2

Perhaps grief sharpened the understanding and strengthened the soul of Master Popjoy and so a song was the offspring of his genius and his misery. At any rate, during the long voyage in the lag ship, down in the gloomy murky hold, the Stormy Petrel cheered his comrades and restored their drooping spirits, singing the song of Jonathan Wild, known as "The Black Procession," and "Ye Scamps and Ye Pads," with its merry chorus, and intoning like a chant Tom Moore's Milling Match. Best favorite of all, by reason of its intrinsic excellence, was the song that Popjoy made, with its merry refrain:—

(1) O, all you young dukes and you duchesses,
Just listen to what I do say,
It isn't all yours what you touches-es,
We're sailin' to Botany Bay.

Chorus:
Singin' Toorallal, toorallal, ayity,
Also toorallal, loorallal, lay.
When you thinks it's all yours as you touches-es
Why, they'll send you to Botany Bay.

(2) There's the captain as is our commandier,
There's the bos'n an' all the ship's crew,
There's the first an' the second-class passengers,
What is us poor convicts to do?

(3) Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove,
It's back to Old England I'd fly,
To be a respectable fuzzy-cove,
And there, boys, I'd live till I'd die.

A prison officer at Botany Bay heard the song and was thereby gratified, and touched by the beauty and simplicity of it, and because of that it came about that when a shipment of prisoners was being made up for transfer to Norfolk Island, known as the Convict's Hell, Popjoy's name was not included.

One day the Stormy Petrel was disposed of with the ease with which a stockman might dispose of a superfluous animal. For a Mr. Fox, a sheep raiser in the Wolgan Valley, rode into town, and, as he needed a man, the convict Popjoy was assigned to him.

"I want a stout fellow, none of your dangerous ones," said Mr. Fox, and the prison governor nodded his head and lit a cigar by way of displaying intelligent understanding.

"No men-killers," said Fox.

"We got two or three forgers on hand," said the officer.

"Forgers are not generally workers," objected Mr. Fox. "I want a worker."

"There's a fellow named Popjoy," said the other. "A queer kind of character. Seems to have been a sailor who stole a horse."

Then things went swiftly. There was some mumbled talk, two or three papers were signed and the transaction was completed. Two days later a little party set off from Sydney; a bullock cart well laden; a taciturn driver, sallow and black-bearded; Mr. Fox himself, a solidly built man with dark gray eyes, a man of fifty or more, riding a good horse; then, walking by the bullock cart, Stormy Petrel Popjoy, large-bodied and gaunt, secretly glad to be at large but hiding his true feelings.

For Popjoy, accustomed to confined quarters, there were endless miles then, miles of what seemed to be untidy and confused country, miles trodden mechanically almost as if in sleep, and it was not until he trudged down the long path, partly natural and in part cut out of the sandstone, from which he first saw his future home almost surrounded by perpendicular cliffs, that grave possibilities forced themselves upon him. There came upon him a conviction that he had been thrust by his fate into a kind of blind alley from which there was no apparent escape. Suppose he was to be there all his life? Suppose he was never more to know real freedom? Never again to mix with the salt of the earth, never to drink with those at the Running Footman seemed a fate too fearful to think of. And was he to be forever debarred from the pleasure of noise, that noise which was music to him, the noise of men and of countless wheels, of

fell upon dull ears, and at times his tale of adventure was almost like idle jabbering, bringing no response, evoking no comment. Everywhere was a kind of passive resistance to human interest. Dull talk about sheep, and dogs, and horses there might be, when the day's work was done, but not a word about the temper and the texture of the living world of men. Yet the men of the sheep station were by no means hostile to him, Popjoy felt, and they rose superior to prejudice so far as his record was concerned. But the intolerable dullness of it all! And when Long Jim, the cook, took his flute to charm away his private cares or assuage his loneliness, Popjoy always fell into melancholy as he considered the general injustice of his treatment. He was, he felt, being made to pay too large a price for the small thing he had done. Then came growing revolt and he asked himself why he should pay, or why he should continue to pay with his life. He examined the matter in different lights, framing it in the language of the "fancy" as Tom Cribb would have put it. "Why the devil should I be a slave to a nocky at the end of jumble-gut lane?" Hard on that came the idea that after all, it would be easy to hit the grit, at which point he put some questions to the man nearest him, relative to the geography of the place. Instead of answering, the man observed that it was no time to talk, but rather time to sleep, and, knocking the ashes from his pipe went to his bunk. Then, the soul of Long Jim having been sufficiently edified and elevated, the flute was set aside and the musician wriggled out of his clothes and into

his blankets. So Popjoy, privately protesting against the stupid practice of spending so much time in sleep, but finding it lonesome in the deserted cook-house, rolled himself into his blanket and fell into uneasy dreams.

Thus went months, with Sailor Popjoy hiding his woes in his own heart, doing his share of the work eagerly enough as an outlet for his energy, but steadily refusing to whine or to find fault openly. Then came a day when Popjoy, working alone in the wool-shed marking the bales, was tapped lightly on the shoulder by Mr. Fox, who had been watching him for some time.

"I have been thinking," he said, "of applying for your pardon, Popjoy."

To his astonishment, Popjoy made no reply, merely nodding in the manner of one who had heard some casual and unimportant remark. But the sheep-man went on.

"In ten days or so I shall go to Sydney and do what I can. Of course, you must make application, formally, in your own hand, begging for clemency. That is the ordinary course. Your offence was not so very serious."

"I won't do it," said Popjoy, straightening up, and full of an invincible obstinacy. "I don't want their pardons and won't ask for one. I didn't earn all this here punishment, I didn't do enough to get what I got. I was willing to take my medicine for what I did."

"You are a foolish fellow," said Mr. Fox, a little

testily. "I have felt sorry for you and what I proposed was my way of testifying to my appreciation of your work. You've been a good man."

"Sorry for me," retorted Popjoy. "I don't want nobody's pity. I ain't ashamed of what I done. This here is how I see it—"

Mr. Fox would listen no longer. "As you like it," he said monchalantly, and turned away.

That conversation was never resumed.

A few days later, when Popjoy was riding the bounds, turning inwards venturesome sheep, he saw some cattle at a water hole in a valley new to him. It chanced to be a gray day, a melancholy and a storm-threatening day, and at such times the Stormy Petrel was inclined to melancholy and despondency. Everything seemed wrong. The weather was evil. The country was bleak and gray and desolate. The horse that he rode was clumsy and his saddle was uncomfortable. "A God-forsaken, ugly, lonely, rotten place," he told the hills, thumping his horse with his heels in a kind of desperation. "A place where neither summer nor winter comes right. Scrubby trees and leaves that don't grow right. Men what won't talk or laugh. Rocks and prickly things everywhere. No streets. No fun. And me, workin' day after day with a lot of gotch-gutted sheep, and all because I borrowed a horse that was ready for the knackers. It ain't right. It ain't right."

It suddenly became clear to him that he was wasting his life in Wolgram Valley, and he accumulated wrath as he reflected that, shilling for shilling, he had

long since paid the cost of the butcher's nag with his time, even at the lowest kind of wage at which his earning value might be computed.

"It ain't right. It ain't right," he said to the silence. "They are wasting my time and they are taking part of my life. And I won't stand it any longer."

Visions and memories came then. The creaking of ropes. The lift of a ship. A city on a hill where he once found pleasure in looking at a sunset while a pretty girl, with fluttering ribbons, stood at his side. The Running Footman, with Tom Cribb telling the tale of his battles. The singing there, and the clinking of glasses. The red curtains and the ruddy firelight dancing on the brass and the pewter. The bustle and the rattle in busy streets. Life full and free.

Suddenly he came across something that made him stand wide-eyed, a something that brought a thrill. Perhaps it spoke of tragedy. Perhaps it told a tale of nothing more than dare devil work. For, at the foot of a stunted blue gum tree there lay a black tin box, a money box such as merchants in a small way make use of, and it had been broken open. There was also an old hat there, and, scattered, were torn letters and papers. Seeing all that, he stared as he sat in his saddle, his mind busy planning the story of it all, conjuring up possibilities. The cash box suggested money, banks, rich men, vast possibilities, and, above all, a life of freedom. After that he could think of nothing but escape. He fell into harsh disapproval of himself, telling himself in his own way

that he was enmeshed with invisible bonds which he might break with ease, that the powers of Law and Order were playing "hob" with him and using him for their own diabolical ends. As climax, he declared to his horse that for him, thenceforth, there would be an enthronement of personal will, that he would breathe the atmosphere of freedom for evermore. "Yes. I'm a nikin if I don't pad the hoof, if there ain't no other way," he concluded, speaking aloud.

That night, in the cook-house, after supper, when the air was heavy with tobacco smoke and as Long Jim sent forth his first light quirks of music, Popjoy arose and announced a new intention.

"I'm going to break away to-night," he announced, with a vague sense that he was doing things properly.

"What's that?" asked the foreman, at once interested. He had been sprawled along one of the benches, staring straight at the ceiling, in his wonted after-supper attitude.

"Going to break away," Popjoy repeated.

At that the cook picked up his pipe and lit it while considering the matter. " 'Twon't work, Pop," he declared, after he had sent a blue cloud aloft. " 'Twon't work. I seen a lot try it and nine out of ten gets caught again. Then it's Norfolk Island and the flogging post."

But the Stormy Petrel was unmoved.

"Floggin' post," he said. "Maybe. But let me tell you I'd rather have the nine-tail-bruiser than this. It's too quiet. Too dull. You fellows won't talk. Work and eat and sleep. It ain't livin'. It gets on

my nerves and I can't stand it." He laughed mirthlessly.

The foreman stood up and became diplomatic. "Look here, Popjoy," he said. "You're doing all right. So don't go and make a mess of things. Watch yourself like you been doing, and you'll get your pardon on ticket of leave."

That sent Popjoy into a kind of cold rage. "I don't want no pardon," he cried. "If it comes to that, it's me who has to do the pardonin'. They've done me more wrong than I've done them and I got to get even with some one. I got to."

"Look here. You stay where you are," broke out the foreman with a tremendous roar and took a step towards the cook-house door. Popjoy looked at him in silence for a moment, staring him straight in the eyes, full of resolution, then, flourishing his hand said, "So long," and walked away.

To the day of his death the foreman never knew why neither he nor any man there raised a hand to prevent the convict. Instead of interfering, every one stood looking, then each turned to his own affair. As for attempting to report the matter to Mr. Fox, that was contrary to all bushland ethics. They saw Popjoy turn again after he had gone a few steps, heard him bluntly and fiercely say, "I'm off," saw him take down the gun that hung over the kitchen door, saw him roll up a couple of blankets. They also saw him go to the house stable and later emerge, leading a race horse belonging to Mr. Fox. That, also, was none of their business. The man escaping must have

the law of a fair start in justice. Then, being mounted, Popjoy cantered with smooth swiftness to the door of the cook-house and it seemed to those who watched that his face, for the first time, was darkened and angry. He drew rein and commenced shouting, indulging in some lurid language, and, having released his soul, lifted his voice and his long held thoughts found utterance.

"A man's a fool to stay here," he said. "There's anything to be had for the takin' and I'm going to take. No one ain't good enough to be my boss."

"He's broke out," whispered one man. "I seen 'em like that afore."

"You don't mean to say it's bushranging," ventured the cook.

"Don't care what you call it," retorted Popjoy. "I won't stand all this quiet. I'd rather starve on a empty belly than be like I been on a full one."

He was making things fast on his saddle as he spoke, raised in his stirrups, for he had not dismounted. Suddenly the foreman became recalled to a sense of his own responsibility and was seized with a sudden impatience.

"Look here, Popjoy," he said sternly. "All this here won't do. You don't know what you're up to."

Popjoy grinned at that. Then some upward surge of vanity took him. "Just ask 'em who made the King take the back door, will you?" He turned rein, gave his horse a touch with a rawhide thong, and cantered off.

"We got to tell Mr. Fox," said the foreman.

"Sure," agreed the cook. "But we got to play fair and let the fellow have a bit of a chance. We ain't seen nothing. Give him till to-morrow morning."

Because of that, much time passed before Mr. Fox and his foreman, with a couple of others, were on the trail, the sheep man silent, the foreman eloquent on the subject of devotion to duty and high principle.

Two days later the little town of Spring Valley was thrown into an uproar.

At nine in the morning it had been a somnolent kind of place, its people easygoing, quiet and restful, preparing for a day like a thousand other days, but at ten there was something very much like panic abroad.

At nine o'clock things were as usual, front doors standing open, with the women of the houses comparing notes and confiding secrets across wooden fences; in the streets were tied horses, and bullock carts, and cows unconcernedly cropped the herbage that grew at the roadsides; the world economic accepted conversational opportunities as it went about its affairs, improvising racks for the display of wares, placing barrels and boxes, unpacking crates, contemplating possible Saturday trades; the men of the town hailed joyfully, and with ulterior motives, men from the country; the banker, having left his place in charge of a youth from the Old Country, repaired to the assayer's office to discuss Sturt's expedition; a little party of aborigines, carrying their spears, were squatted on their heels while one of their fellows,

being persuaded by the gift of a shilling, displayed his prowess with a boomerang in an empty space; at nine, all went very well with the world. But at ten all had changed and in the street was an excited and noisy crowd. There was a deal of shouting, some shots were heard, and then, down the street went clattering a rider who shouted something, and merchants and shopkeepers ran to their doors to stare at him. The banker, hearing it all, ran out from the assayer's office and accosted the first man that he met.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked, but the answer was unheard because of the confusion all about, and the furious yelling of a bullock driver who was trying to stop his runaway team. The banker was quite dumbfounded when it came to him, somehow, that his bank had been invaded. The fact became known to him rather by signs and gesticulations than by words, but from where he stood he was easily able to discover the truth for himself, for he could see a broken window, and, in the doorway, the youth that he had left in charge of affairs, gesticulating before a little knot of citizens. There came the sound of firing again, first one shot, then three in rapid succession, at which a silence fell on the street. At that the banker moved, not exactly running, but traveling with a kind of dignified celerity, his brow afrown and his lips set tight with a kind of inflexible resolution. There was a flocking of citizens in his wake, and, the place of exchange being reached, a general movement into the bank followed, so that the room was

soon crowded. Then banker and youth questioned and testified, the center of an interested group.

The banker's attitude was firm and judicial and darkly threatening, the youth's attitude one of shocked indignation. For the young cashier, not having assimilated the Australian atmosphere and having been schooled in London, daily suffered keen and bitter disappointment in that the colonies had not the desired likeness he had once conjured up. As he explained, a hush fell on the gathering.

"It is positively the most extraordinary thing that ever happened," he kept on saying. "The man actually fired without a word of warning. I think that he said his name was Popjoy and he talked a lot of nonsense about the king. Or I imagined so." Seeing that the banker was disapprovingly inattentive, the young man broke off and advanced the gratuitous opinion that "such lawlessness must have its limitations," and further said that no such thing could happen in London.

Gradually it became clear that a masked man had fired a shot in the air, and then another through the bank window. It was also clear that the alarm had caused a panic in the heart of the youth, who had fled into the street and shouted for help. Apparently the robber had then taken some loose cash and fled the town. All that was abundantly clear and satisfactory to the audience, and further interest was supplied when there followed an implication on the part of the banker that the young man, his assistant, lacked courage, and stood as a figure far from heroic. The

man of marts and money further indicated the action that should have been taken under the circumstances, and outlined a better course. Whereat the youth mildly expressed wonder that there should be no intelligent public appreciation of his own jeopardy. "Why, it is," he said to the fish dealer, "the most extraordinary thing that ever happened and certainly shows the need of a more compact social organization. There are crudities." He went off into criticisms.

"But Fox'll get the man, Fox will," said a woman. And she prophesied with knowledge, for, as luck had it, the man from Wolgram Valley and his men had ridden into town early that morning and were saddling up at the Hotel, after a brief rest, when the commotion occurred. Not five minutes had passed after Popjoy left the town, before they were hot on his trail.

Indeed, just outside of town they sighted Popjoy riding the racing mare, which was evidently jaded. Finding himself pursued by well mounted men, the convict took refuge in a deserted log hut which stood in a partial clearing on a hillside, a place dismal enough with burned and charred trees. A few shots were fired from the shanty, with no result, then there was silence, and it was conjectured that he was without ammunition. Then came men from Spring Valley, some of them armed, many threatening, and a cordon was drawn about the house. So Popjoy, his hopes faded, surrendered, leaving the cabin with hands held high.

At once, from hunted criminal he passed to hero,

being under arrest, and the little jail was crowded for the rest of the day by those who wished to add to their experiences the seeing of a bushranger. Such a tale was to be treasured as one to be told to children and grandchildren with a never waning glow of satisfaction.

For the Stormy Petrel then came justice with a vengeance, for he fell into the hands of old "Redneck," Chief Police Magistrate at Sydney, a man famous for his fine dinners, his good wine, his high sense of discipline and his oft expressed belief that human destinies had fallen on his shoulders. And, as it fell out, on the morning of the trial, "Redneck" was in atrabiliar mood. To make matters worse for the prisoner, it was a day of nerve-trying weather, with high winds and gusty, and, leaving his house, the magistrate had suffered annoyance by having his hat blown off, an exasperating experience for an official with the stern Roman in his soul, the more so because *hoi polloi* made merry at the sight.

He heard all that was said at the trial with manifest impatience and scant attention, and, when Mr. Fox, in giving testimony, made a little magnanimous plea for mercy on behalf of the prisoner, saying that his conduct had always been exemplary until the time of the breaking out, "Redneck" flung his gavel onto the desk with some show of anger, and, looking over the speaker's head, said, with raised voice, that sympathy with criminals was a weak sentimentality and quite unworthy of an Englishman.

"We are not here to pamper and to pet," he declared, "but to execute justice." He made a very long speech, growing more and more indignant as he proceeded, lashing himself, indeed, into a kind of rage. And when the banker's assistant somewhat modified his testimony in joyful and generous hope that he would have nothing unpleasant on his conscience, trying to sweeten the draught as it were, by emphasizing the fact that Popjoy had not threatened his life, the magistrate fell into harsh sarcasms, at which the flagellator, a shifty-eyed, brawny-armed fellow, who was in court as became one that loved his trade and the idea of justice, nudged his assistant with his elbow and significantly made a puissant fist and gave a flourish with his arm, for to brandish the whip and play on a naked back was sheer delight to him. His dog-visaged face lit up, and his eye brightened when he heard that Popjoy was to be taken out, and kept for three days on bread and water in solitary confinement, after which he would be tied to the triangle and given two hundred lashes on the bare back. For the flagellator was a wonderfully skilled artist whose work was not without grotesquerie and humor, an artist who had striven desperately to master the technical problems of his art, a workman who wrought according to a plan, performing in company with a left-handed man, he himself being right-handed. It was a point of pride with them, their boast too, that they could flog a man with such cunning that no blood would be spilled during the operation, though the back of the victim became puffed up and shook like

jelly. Because of all that, the flagellator, hearing the sentence, was elated, and when Popjoy lifted his head and, looking into the magistrate's face after he had talked long about the necessity for justice, said, "Your justice is rotten!" the flagellator laughed aloud.

During the three days between trial and whipping, no one spoke to Popjoy except a high-minded young man with an abstracted air, who, in his character of spiritual adviser, dwelt on matters religious and pointed out the poetry of a moral life. That was at the end of the time of solitary confinement, and as soon as he was gone, Popjoy was led out, stripped to the waist, and, in a few rapid movements lashed to the triangle. Then the dog-visaged flagellator and his assistant took their places.

Secure in his consummate skill, the whipping officer drew a mark across the prisoner's loins with his forefinger, saying that the first stroke would fall exactly there, neither higher nor lower, if he knew mutton from goat. With a nod of admiration, much as a connoisseur might test the feel of a horse, he felt the great rippling shoulder muscles and patted the satiny skin. Leisurely the executioner divested himself of his coat, leisurely rolled up his shirt sleeves, leisurely took aim, and the first lash fell. He missed his suggested mark by almost an inch, at which piece of clumsiness his assistant made some remark, whereupon the second blow was dealt with such stinging viciousness that Popjoy shrunk, writhing so vigor-

ously with the pain that the ropes which bound him cut his wrists.

Ten more lashes fell, but never a word nor a groan came from the sufferer, though his body was contorted with great writhings and his legs gave way, so that he hung suspended by his wrists until, with a mighty effort, he regained his feet.

"Lay on! Lay on! The feller's tough an' don't feel it," roared the dog-visaged executioner to his assistant. "It's one of your obstinate sort and them's the kind what's got to be broke."

Ten more strokes, ten more again, always across the loins, the whip lashes whistling in the air, but still no word, although across the back of the sufferer there rose a broad band, angry red, as if the flesh blushed at the indignity it suffered. But no word of groan came. Only this. At the fiftieth stroke, he turned his head and, full of dark wrath, spoke, saying, "Hit higher, blast you! Hit higher!"

For once, and once only the flagellator complied, sending the next stroke in such fashion that the lash cut neck and face, laying the cheek open from ear to eye. For the rest, the whip was laid on below the designated line until the hundred and fiftieth stroke, when the left-handed assistant, all muscle-weary, threw aside his whip that he might breathe and rest a while.

Seeing that, the lip of the dog-visaged fellow curled in scorn and he laid on the bolder, always striking low, a little perplexed and disappointed that he could force no cry from the prisoner, nothing but the roared de-

mand, repeated again and again, "Hit higher, I tell you! Not always in the same place. It ain't fair." But the appeal moved the executioner not at all, for there was neither mercy nor kindness in him, but instead a lust disguised under the name of duty. At last the sentence was executed and the thongs that bound the man to the triangle were cut, whereupon the scarred and tortured body fell like a dead thing. Once the head was lifted, but it dropped again in utter exhaustion.

For full two minutes the executioner looked down with heavy-lidded eyes at his handiwork, a little grin of satisfaction on his face. Then he took a few steps until he stood over the crumpled figure, his whip in his left hand, his right outstretched in semblance of amity.

"Shake 'ands," he said. "I ain't got nothin' against you an' 'opes you ain't got nothin' against me. I only done my duty in the name of the law."

Suddenly, without apparent effort and as a cat leaps, Popjoy was on his feet, his right hand clenched, his eyes ablaze, hot eloquence on his lips.

"Damn your law and your duty!" he roared, and then things happened. So terrible was the blow that he gave his torturer that the great hulking body was driven backwards as if struck with a battering ram. Close Popjoy followed, raining blows, furious as a tiger, while the flagellant shrieked for help so lustily that others ran to his aid, and, by sheer weight and press, bore down the bull-hearted sailor.

But retribution fell swiftly, and, by order of the

prison governor, the insurrectionist was triced up then and there, and the whipping was repeated, nor for him was there help from heaven or from earth. The punishment done, there was another trial, this time for insurrection and attacking an officer, and "Redneck," full of justice and after making a long speech on the theme that whatsoever a man sows that also shall he reap, was about to sentence Popjoy to ten years' transportation to Van Diemen's Land, had, indeed, whispered so much to his clerk, who had started to write in his book, when, chancing to look at the prisoner, and seeing that he had screwed his face into the semblance of a defiant smile, he suddenly changed his mind and declared that Popjoy must pay for his wrongdoing with life imprisonment.

3

Transportation to Van Diemen's Land from New South Wales meant, to the convicts, some further horror, a greater depth of suffering, and many, thus sentenced, put an end to their troubles by suicide. The little convict world was a world of slow dragging time, a world in which nothing happened nor was expected to happen, a world in which the strong cursed their strength that prevented them from being broken and buried.

So the heart of the man Popjoy was filled with bitterness and impotent resentments during years of heartbreaking monotony, years of filth and suffering, years of hardship and toil, an eternity of slow drag-

ging years. Rarely, news came into that lonely hell, news carried by newcomers, and now it was told that Napoleon had died, then Louis XVIII. An Irish revolutionist told of the wonder of having seen Dublin streets lighted with gas; a young fellow, transported for highway robbery, carried the news of the abandonment of turnpikes on English highroads, and Popjoy's heart beat fast when he heard, from a one-legged man, the story of the battle of Navarino.

One day excitement came. For in August of the year 1829, the *Cyprus,* a government brig, dropped anchor at Hobart, and that night in the prison house, it became known somehow that thirty-three convicts were to be shipped from Hobart to Macquerie Harbor. A vision of beauty and delight for all men it was, convicts and keepers, too, to see the ship in the bay, a thing tall and slight and graceful. Chained men on the hilltop were cheered at the sound of the bos'n's shrill whistle, and the tolling bell, and the shouts of men working. Glorious, too, it was to mark the shining brass work flashing in the sun, as the vessel rolled to the ground swell; glorious to see the white furled sails, the trim masts, the goings and comings of little boats. As for the Stormy Petrel, for him they were days of vast happiness, for he was detailed to boat duty, to help load and unload stores, to trim ballast, to do a thousand muscle-straining and back-breaking tasks. An ecstasy of soul was his then for he could see the foaming sea, could listen to the music of the lapping of water on the boat's side, could be near ruddy and brown-faced men of robust health.

And at night, when sleep would not come, there was the pleasure of recalling the appearance of the ship, of naming the names of the sails over and over again, beginning with flying jib and following on to jib and stay-foresail, then up the foremast from foresail to fore royal, then across to main royal and down again to spanker. There was delight in that, delight and memories of experiences.

Sometimes he worked aboard the brig, doing things avoided by other men, greasing the mast, cleaning foul corners, forcing his sinewy self into odd places to perform disheartening tasks, once stretched painfully along the bobstays to do a piece of repair work, but always his face was radiant and his heart happy. There was a day on which he was ordered aloft to put a lashing on the main royal, a difficult job in a slashing wind storm, and the soul of him was full of joy as he wrought while the cordage shrieked and he felt the lift of the ship and the swing of her. Life burned fiercely within him then. Again, one morning the cook gave him a pannikin of hot stew and a pipe and tobacco, and he had the felicity of sitting on the ship's deck for almost an hour, an ill-clad, evil-appearing fellow, but one happier than any aboard the craft. For he had been pondering deeply that day as he worked, because of a whisper heard the night before, when, his beach work done, he had been detailed to extra duty where the thirty-three were confined. There were whisperings in the dark. Before long he came to have a vague sense of something under the surface as it were, something hidden, some guarded

secret which he might fathom did he so choose, but which, once fathomed, would enfold him inextricably. It was an elusive thing inviting him to grasp, and he gathered enough to suspect something brewing, some probable trouble which, if hatched, might mean bloodshed and outrage, foul doings and infamous, so that the vessel on which the thirty-three were to be carried might well become a very pandemonium. But he avoided details and avoided confidences, so gleaned nothing definite or clear cut. Yet the cloud that portended made him ponder, and when his pondering came to an end and a decision was arrived at, he felt excited and stimulated. All that he sought was a certain opportunity, though the thought that there were barriers almost impassable between him and those he sought to talk with, was gall-bitter.

The opportunity came. As he sat smoking during his blissful hour, making himself as inconspicuous as possible on the coil of rope behind the water cask, he saw the man on whom he had fixed to confer with approaching, one he had heard addressed as Lieutenant Carew. He arose from his seat with alacrity and made a clumsy attempt at a salute, one that struck the officer as being oddly old-fashioned. Carew, a man whose mind was filled with realities, a man direct and quick, glanced at the hapless and pitiful figure as he might have glanced at some strange, half-starved mastiff, and would have passed on with the briefest of brief nods had he not seen the beginnings of speech in the man. Then, somehow, he felt the urgency of the lean man with sunken cheeks and deep-set appealing eyes

that stared so strangely, and at a second look he was touched with pity. But discipline is discipline and there was that deep and wide gulf between officer and convict, so he tried to smother his vague sympathy. Tried, and would have succeeded, had it not been for something else, a flash of memory of a friend whose warm heart glowed with a passionate sympathy for humanity, a friend named Shelley, one who had somehow bound those about him with invisible chains. Something half forgotten, something read or heard came to him. Heard. That was it. He remembered the evening on which Shelley recited it.

"Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear."

And remembering, the plea of the gaunt man was irresistible.

"Anything, my man?" he asked, curtly, almost half grudgingly, jealous of his dignity, very mindful of the gulf.

"I'm a convict, sir," said Popjoy, and stood rigidly upright, a hand bearing down on a fluttering rag at his thigh, his heart beating fast lest any sudden movement hinder his plan.

"H'mmm! Well?" The officer found his own tidy soul revolting at the sight of the straggle-haired, ragged-bearded fellow before him.

"I got somewhat to say, sir, if you'll hear me," went on Popjoy, putting as much earnestness into the

words as he could. Inwardly he was struggling with difficulties of speech and felt a rising tide of exasperation. He, too, realized the gulf of separation and there was within him some inner man bidding him abandon the whole effort.

"All right. Say it. . . . And be quick," urged the lieutenant, in sore doubt as to the wisdom of giving way to a sentimental emotion.

Popjoy, smothering a disposition to resent the mood of his hearer, brought himself to attention, summoned all his powers and managed to put his case compactly. He was no "snitcher," he said, his face meanwhile twitching with anxiety. Nor would he give away secrets. But he wanted, he added with vast earnestness, to go on the voyage and work as a sailor. "You can lag me again at the other end," then corrected his language with an effort. "I mean, let me be given up as a convict when we get to port, only take me on the voyage. Please! By God, I'll be straight if you give me this chance, sir." His voice sank and he looked about him furtively. "Maybe there'll be trouble. I think so. I don't really know and I ain't going to give no one away. Convicts must get away if they can. It's natural. And I've lived with them, and, God knows, suffered with 'em, and tasted hard life with 'em. So I wouldn't snitch even if I knew for sure. Only this. . . ."

The officer raised a hand for silence. He had heard enough, perhaps too much. So he weighed matters for a moment. A problem faced him, an unexpected problem, and he realized his responsibility. There

was a lifting of his eyebrows and his fingers drummed a little on his sword hilt.

"I shall speak to the governor about it," he said at last, and turned away. At that, Popjoy gave a little gesture of despair.

"Then it's all at an end," he said, despondently.

"What is?" asked the officer.

"What I was trying to do. The game," was the reply. "Don't you see? I'm a convict. With the governor knowing what I said, it'd be whipping to make me tell . . . whipping and the black cell, and perhaps tied up by the thumbs. And even if I knew positive, which I don't, I wouldn't tell. But I don't know nothing. You don't understand. It's all in the air and yet I know it's true. Somehow we get to know things in prison."

"You mean treachery? Mutiny? Insurrection? Something like that?" questioned the officer, musingly.

"I wouldn't call it treachery," protested Popjoy, a light coming into his eyes. "It's our rights. The only rights we got. It's our only hope. . . . Don't you see, sir, we're like caged brutes? Don't you see that? And don't you see that every one fears us and hates us too? Well, like caged beasts we try to get away. All the time. Every day. Every week. Every year. Always thinking and planning to beat . . ."

"Yes. Yes. That's enough," interrupted the officer, looking out over the sea, apparently oblivious of the convict, but hanging on what he had just heard. His mind flew back to talks with his friend Shelley,

talks pregnant with enthusiasm and generosity. Still theory was one thing, practice quite another, and his cheek flushed slightly as he realized that a British officer had stepped across the gulf, had talked and listened to a disgraced convict, a fellow who had stood in the dock, who had been whipped. Worse still, he had been on the verge of sharing some misty secret with him. So he stiffened, perceptibly.

"I am quite unable to do anything under the circumstances," he said at last, and looked narrowly at a speck on his sleeve. Then he walked to the little quarter deck and stood awhile looking at Mount Wellington, then at the clearings on the hillside made by convict labor, then at the little boat that was being pulled out to the ship with fresh provisions and would take the convict ashore. He told himself that to dwell further on the matter was sheer foolery, that the story was likely enough nothing more than a hatched up lie tendered to gain unearned liberty. At that moment his eye fell on the man, who had gone forward and stood watching the oncoming boat, and the lean figure reminded him of a famished wolf, dangerous perhaps, but still pitiful, and there rang in his mind Shelley's words:

> "Yet if we could scorn
> Hate, and pride, and fear."

Then he cursed himself for a conformity-strangled soul and, beckoning to a sailor, ordered him to bring the convict before him.

Certainly, talking down from the elevation of the

quarter-deck made an enormous difference. Proper distinctions were thus observed. Officialism was not on a level with inferiority.

"Are you a sailor?" he asked, though guardedly.

"Yes, sir," answered Popjoy, a half sigh escaping, to be disguised as a cough.

The officer took a turn or two then fronted Popjoy again.

"Capable? Good record?"

"Capable, yes. Record bad, though not on shipboard; prison record bad," was the answer, a little defiantly.

"Ah! We'll let the matter stand a little. I'll look into your case. . . . That's all." And he turned away.

At mess, that evening, Lieutenant Carew told Captain Harris of the incident, and the seaman testified to Popjoy's capability, remembering the occasion when he had been sent aloft in a half gale. While the captain pooh-poohed the idea of insurrection, he was, nevertheless, quite agreeable to entertain the idea of taking an extra hand.

"Let the fellow ship with us," he said. "I'll give him work and discipline. Discipline is what they all need. It's good for their morals. As for mutiny, it's nothing but talk. I've sailed the seas now going on for twenty years or more and in that time have heard a hundred tales of mutiny, but have never seen anything of the kind. It's talk. So let 'em talk and keep 'em disciplined."

It looked to Lieutenant Carew that the gaunt convict might have his chance, for, on application of Captain Harris, the prison governor agreed to his temporary release.

"Work the daylight out of the fellow," he suggested. "His pride's got to be broke. Life here's too easy for him altogether."

Because of that, one day Popjoy was notified that he would have to go aboard the *Cyprus* when she weighed anchor, and he heard with stolid mien, lest his castle crumble into dust. Indeed, when the warden glanced at him while telling him, Popjoy allowed a heavy frown to form, as though to go aboard the craft was a business the which he would be glad to be rid of. But in his secret heart he was as one who saw celestial mountains.

That night there came a heavy rainstorm, but the noise was as music to him, for he heard in it the thunder of sea-breakers and the shrieking of cordage, and the black clouds that he saw through his cell window seemed not clouds, but rugged headlands and foam-lashed capes. Painfully the heart of the man yearned for the morning.

But somebody blundered. When the time for sailing came, Popjoy, with a chain gang, was miles away in the hill country, helping to build a timber bridge across the river Derwent, to replace that which had been washed away during the rainstorm. Once, from a high place, he looked out seaward, but all was mist-wrapped. So he put away from him the remembered happiness of expectation as a pain, to lose himself in

the task before him, lifting, straining, toiling, a Titan in the grip of some strange passion.

As for the *Cyprus,* she sailed to Research Bay, where she dropped anchor for a while, her eleven women and children above decks all ignorant of the living hell a few inches under their feet; for hate and revenge were seething in the hearts of the chained thirty-three. But there came a storm, and an ominous and violent wind with beating hail and snow, a wind that threatened to drive the ship onto the surf-beaten rocks, so they were forced at last to slip the cable and stand out to sea again. Thus, in time, the *Cyprus* came once more to Hobart, seeking another anchor and chain.

There being tremendous things to do, Popjoy was sent aboard ship, the work in the hills being done, and, while inwardly high-hearted, outwardly he was black-browed and surly, lest a malign fate, suspecting his secret joy, should cast him back into hell. Nor did he draw a free breath until at last the land dropped away and Mount Wellington stood, like a heavy cloud, far, far astern.

At Research Bay, with the ship at anchor, a boating party was sent out to grapple for the lost chain, and, the work being severe, with Captain Harris holding that discipline was beneficial to the health of the soul, convict Popjoy, stripped to the waist, while a black south-west wind chilled those who were warmly clad, worked in the bow of the boat. Yet with cold and hardship and toil, the whirl of joy was in his heart, for

he lived again; lived in the glory of fellowship though niggardly meted out to him; lived in the beauty of sea and sun; lived in the fullness of physical life. When, after tormenting hours and disheartening failures, the grappling hook caught, something fouled somehow in the depths. Clearly nothing was to be done, and men looked at one another, wonderingly. But Popjoy, a strange light shining in his eyes, asked permission of Lieutenant Carew to do something.

"Half crazed, he is," whispered one sailor to another, hearing what it was that he proposed to do.

Another pointed furtively to the terrible whip scars across his loins. "That," said he, "is enough to drive any man out of his head."

Popjoy heeded none. For a moment he stood on a thwart forward, poised. Then he dived.

What he did down there in the murky green waters none could guess. There were those in the boat with imagination, those who tried to visualize the man groping in cold depths, doing things blindly and frantically, while all about him hung a cloud of disturbed sediment, through which strange things of the sea watched him with staring eyes. Doing things with aching hands and straining heart and bursting lungs. More than a minute passed, a minute and seconds that dragged like hours, each longer than that before, so that men looked at one another with doubt in their glances. Then the head of the man shot out of the water and victory shone in his dilated, blood-shot eyes.

"It's all right," he said, then climbed into the boat and lay awhile, panting like a dying bull, his great

hairy chest pumping up and down heavily, his big hands clutching convulsively, his face almost blue. When he could find words, the bos'n having asked what was wrong, his explanation was curt to the point of incoherence.

"Rock fouled," he said, and held up a rock-torn, bloody hand. But for a convict there was neither word nor praise for his deed. For that he cared nothing, knowing that he was in life again, and free from the life in death he had known so long. He was free for many things. Free to die fighting if he so chose.

Suddenly every one became silent and motionless at the sound of a shot from the ship. Against the background of a noise of wind and water there were shoutings, then a cheering, softened by distance. Nor was it too far away for some in the boat to see men on the ship's deck, running, struggling. One man declared that he had heard a woman shriek, but he was silenced at a gesture from Lieutenant Carew, who picked up the telescope. A moment later he dropped it.

"My God! They've taken the ship," he exclaimed, and at that, with a sudden curse, Popjoy flung himself at one of the oars, shouting to the others to pull. No need then for orders. Men gripped their oars and pulled frantically, Carew at the tiller, his eyes ablaze with excitement. Loudly he urged the sailors, for to him the boat seemed to move with terrifying slowness. When the Lieutenant saw a figure fall from the bowsprit, to hang, fantastically kicking for a moment, from the jib-boom stay and then fall into the sea,

he gave a shout of dismay. A minute later, "My wife's aboard," he said, and tried to say something else, to give a word of command, but instead became strangely inarticulate.

Seen from the boat, things were threatening enough, but there was no overt act. Over the ship's side strange faces looked down at them, graceless faces, faces misshapen by disease, evil faces, and there seemed a great deal of distracted uncertainty. One repulsive fellow in a dirty blue cap stood in the shrouds, evidently talking to others inboard, meanwhile pointing at Popjoy; and about his wrist was a handcuff, from which dangled a broken chain. Another giant of a man ran up and down the deck, yelling like one demented. As the boat slid aft and under the counter, for protection from possible assault, those in it heard much of chaotic clatter and rattle, of banging and shouting and hammering, the noise of tramping feet, once a shot, and then shrill curses. Amidships, a thin stream of blood ran down.

As the boat rose on the swell, Carew and Popjoy leaped, clutched, swung inboard, and a moment later two sailors followed. The convicts met them with a rush, fifteen against four, and a peal of wild laughter from the ship struck the ears of those in the boat.

Down the deck, leaping like a wild beast, went the man who had stood in the shrouds, after him a horribly fantastic line of five convicts chained together, running erratically, becoming entangled, falling, one dragging another off his feet. As the chained five

went down in a clattering heap, the giant convict leaped over the bodies, stepping on the prostrate ones, a cutlass in his hand, a death-menacing sight. Straight at him darted Carew, dodging the slashing cut swiftly as a cat, striking out fiercely with his fist and catching the giant a blow full in the throat. Down he went, his cutlass flying far. Before Carew had time to turn, the man with a broken chain about his wrist pointed a musket full at him and pulled the trigger, but the powder flashed in the pan. Into the battle flew Popjoy, who had picked up an ax, and he smote right and left, a wonder and a terror, so that the convicts turned and fled, a huddled mass. One man who lay in the scuppers, sprawled carelessly as though dead, suddenly rose, a sword in hand, and thrust at Popjoy, gashing his thigh, though not deeply. Then the four who had boarded were together, in possession of the little quarter-deck, and three more came up from the boat to join them, each snatching what weapon he could, a marlin-spike, a pike, anything. Down whirled the seven on the massed convicts lined up amidships, recruited by others who swarmed up from below decks. But the five, chained together like dangerous animals, were in the forefront, a living entanglement over which men fell. Over that living barricade leaped Carew and Popjoy, over and into the crowd of convicts. A blast of shouts greeted them and they were at once the center of a furious crowd. Four men Popjoy laid low with his ax, and three fell death stricken by the cutlass that Carew wielded, before the lieutenant

went down half stunned by a crack on the skull from a capstan bar. By then Popjoy had gained the deck house, where he stood challenging, his legs wide apart, his face blood stained and terrible, ax in hand, facing his foes, foes who were his fellow sufferers, a semi-circle of them, lean and fierce and wolf-eyed. For a moment he wondered at the sudden cessation of battle and why his party had not followed his lead; then he saw a broad-shouldered, fair-haired mutineer step forth from his fellows, half leading, half dragging a little terrified man, whom he recognized as the ship's doctor.

"Talk to them," said the convict, giving the doctor a push so that he was propelled forward and stood close to Popjoy.

Carew had found his feet and stood a moment uncertainly, his left hand hard pressed to his brow. By an enormous effort he pulled himself together.

"Wait a moment," he said quietly, and seemed to be gathering his forces to the end that he might be himself, a quick thinking, straight-talking man, able to come to the heart of the matter in hand, avoiding all side issues. Then he stepped forward and stood facing the fair-haired mutineer, ready to parley.

There were no heroics, no dramatic situations. Quietly enough the doctor explained, telling of the requirements of the mutineers. They wanted the ship and would have it, though the price should be more carnage. On the other hand, those dispossessed could not regain the ship but most decidedly wanted their

own security and that of the women and children who were unharmed, below decks. The convicts also wanted Popjoy delivered to them, not for his own undoing, but that he might be their captain and navigator, they having no man who was in the least sailor-wise. As a last thing, as soon as Popjoy accepted the captaincy of the mutineers, the fate of the others would be considered.

There was the upshot of the matter, with Popjoy no cog in the machine, but a mainspring on which all depended. Every man understood the position and Popjoy was left to struggle with himself.

Perhaps Carew understood the very train of the man's thought, for, after more than a minute had passed, during which Popjoy stood, his head bent, his arms hanging loosely, he stepped to the convict's side and made as if to lay a hand on his shoulder but hesitated. "Do your best, Popjoy," he said, and shrunk somewhat from the hawk-like glance of the convict's eye, and added, a little sternly, "Consider the women and children. . . . Under the circumstances . . ." He hesitated. After all, there seemed to be nothing to say. Yet one thing he felt impelled to add, and said, "Under the circumstances, when the proper time comes, things can be explained, and a pardon . . ."

Then two things happened at once. The fair-haired mutineer, fierce energy blazing in his eyes, stepped forward and declared that there must be no tampering with Popjoy. At the same moment Popjoy silenced Carew with a gesture, almost as if he were conscious

of having the stranglehold and enjoyed the heady wine of power. It was the hated word "pardon" that stiffened him.

"I want no one's pardon," he said, angrily. "Know that."

Hearing that, a kind of approving growl came from the mutineers, but Popjoy broke in on it, speaking sharply, almost fiercely, his clenched fist upraised.

"I'll do what's to be done without you," he cried, and made a sweeping motion of the arm towards the mutineers. Then he turned to Carew again, speaking with upraised face, so that his ragged beard stuck out bristling. "I'll stay with these fellows aboard ship. It's them I belong to."

At that there was a surging forward of mutineers and the man with the broken chain at his wrist started to say something, at the same time indicating Carew, bristling with anger as it seemed, but Popjoy turned on him fiercely and made a motion with his fist, and the man slunk back.

"Hear me," roared Popjoy. "I'm captain. Captain! You understand, all of you, convict or government man. God help the man that goes against me."

He looked right and left as he spoke, and none dared gainsay him. A moment he stood frowning, his left hand gripping his ax, his right plucking his beard, then he fell to calling out this likely man and that, making his appointments, until there stood before him six hairy, ragged men, and a little behind them, his sorry crew, gaunt and haggard, dressed in miserable fluttering rags, jostling and elbowing. At

one moment, while the appointments were being made, a man stepped forward to say something, perhaps to make a protest, but Popjoy thrust at him with the head of the ax, striking him in the chest, and when the fellow showed signs of resentment, the others shouldered him into the background.

"Lovell, get the long boat out," said Popjoy. "All the government people must go to the island."

The doctor looked stupidly at Carew, hearing that, and addressed Popjoy. "Not the island, the mainland," he pleaded.

"The island," persisted Popjoy. "Let them have provisions and water enough for a couple of weeks."

"But we think . . ." began Lovell, the newly appointed mate, with great appearance of astonishment, when he was interrupted by Popjoy.

"I'm captain," said he, and brought down the head of the ax to the deck with a crash, and the doctor stared in blank dismay.

"That means murder," protested Carew, white to the lips. "Or let us have the long boat, at least."

"Not the long boat," barked Popjoy. "That's for the ship. You'll have the little skiff. It's leaky, but it will serve for fishing."

"Don't give 'em nothing," shouted a raw-boned fellow, at which Popjoy blazed forth in a fury, saying that if another word was spoken, the fellow should go to the island with the government people, convict or no convict.

After that, of all there Carew alone was full of defiance. "You'll suffer for this, fellow," he said to

Popjoy, walking up to him and shaking a finger in his face, then said no more, but turned his back and busied himself with those who were to be his companions on the island. For Lovell, the mate, had lost no time after getting his orders and already had the long boat at the ship's side.

Things went swiftly enough then, though it was low sun by the time the government party was transported to the island, and there was no further questioning or defiance. Throughout the transfer Popjoy stood amidships, a cold spectator of what went on. Such an amount of provisions and certain other necessary things he allowed; a couple of tents; a supply of rope; a couple of small empty beakers and a fair-sized cask of water. Only once there was a hint of difficulty when one of the mutineers objected that two tents were unnecessary and that the lines would be required aboard, at which Popjoy turned on him like a lion and the man promptly made himself inconspicuous. With the last trip went the little boat, a mere dory, badly needing caulking and at the best of times only suited for smooth water. The party being ashore, the capstan was manned and the anchor lifted and soon a fair wind carried the *Cyprus* out of the bay, Popjoy on the quarter-deck, a silent and absorbed man.

For a while he stood, disregarding those who made as if to speak with him. When the mate drew near and asked some question about the course, Popjoy whirled around so swiftly that the man lifted an arm, as if to ward off a blow.

"See here," said Popjoy. "I care nothing for your

ship or your course. My business was to get you out of the bay and on your way."

"Which you done," agreed the mate. "You done 'andsomely."

"You can't win in again, and if you value your hides you'll sail on a fair wind as long as you can."

"We ain't afraid," said the other, "as long as we got you with us, you who's a seaman."

"I done fair by you, and now I'm goin' to do fair by myself," said Popjoy. "I'm goin' ashore now."

A crafty look came into Lovell's eyes. He had been full of suspicion and doubt all along. So, backing out of reach of the ax, his hand went furtively to his pistol which he loosened in his belt.

"We ain't going to put you ashore, captain," he said, with a mounting intonation, and loud enough for those nearest to hear. Then he turned his head and shouted. "We ain't going to let Popjoy go, are we?"

At once those nearest came up, but not too close, for there was something forbidding about Popjoy, something that no one cared to stir. But others got scent of new things afoot and ran to where they could see and hear, marking which, Lovell, greatly emboldened by the prospect of support, shouted for help. The steersman reached out and caught Popjoy by the arm as if to detain him, but the captain's fist shot out and the fellow went down. Then things happened everywhere. There was a rush of men along the deck and others swarmed up from below, there was a confused shouting, everybody ordering, advising, denouncing. But all came to nothing. Popjoy's ax

flashed round his head in a circle, went flying through the air, and men's heads ducked. A second later Popjoy was on the bulwarks. He threw one swift glance behind him, leaped and was gone, and those who rushed aft saw his head reappear in the frothing wake, thirty yards away, saw that the man was swimming strongly hand over hand.

From the deck there were one or two shots, experimental efforts that went wild, and, half a minute later, an irregular fusillade, but in the gray of twilight, a man's head low in the water is an unpromising mark, so Popjoy came to no harm. Nor was any effort made aboard the *Cyprus* to 'bout ship, the crew being too indifferent a one to try any experiments in seamanship just then.

That night, on the little island, Carew and the doctor kept watch while the others, worn out, slept. About midnight they had a strange impression of a voice coming from the sea, an exhausted voice that called on them. For a moment there was a little nervousness on the part of the watchers, but it speedily vanished. The lank, shivering body that could hardly keep its feet against the undertow, that staggered as it advanced wearily up the beach, they soon knew to be Popjoy. Nor were words needed to make matters clear, and soon Popjoy was crouching over the watch fire and a can of tea was brewing. Things fitted well enough.

Once, as they drank their tea, the doctor said, "But it was a brave thing to do, all the same."

Popjoy shook his head and gazed into the fire glow. "I don't want no praise," he said. "Never did, all my life. I can't tell what I do want." He drank his boiling tea and was silent for a long time. Then he spoke, almost mumblingly. "Praise hurts, somehow. Almost like blame. I wish people wouldn't." He broke off suddenly.

Popjoy became one of the little party of marooned people, perhaps the happiest one there, working with a will, fishing and gathering wood, showing the others how to find a livelihood on the sea sands and among the bushes, doing a hundred things. Once he threw out a hint to Carew that he had a plan of escape, but immediately became reticent, nor referred to it for days. When he had worked out the details in his mind, he took the lieutenant into his confidence as they walked on the sea sands.

"My notion's a something like what the Malays call a proa," he said. "I had the idea of it in mind when I made them take the dory ashore."

"But why not the long boat?" asked Carew.

"Don't you see that they had to have their chance to get away?" said Popjoy earnestly. "You never seem to see that. It's the only right the convict has. It's you against us."

Carew blew out his cheeks and said no more. So Popjoy went on.

"There's the canvas. That'll cover the dory and will be the main part. Then poles across as a kind of outrigger made out of a stick and them barrels.

Just that. A kind of fore and aft rig I'll fit it with—main sheet and jib sheet. 'Twon't be very shipshape but 'twill do at a pinch."

"But a thing like that would only serve to cruise about the bay," said Carew, astonished at the air of brisk confidence that seemed to animate the man. "And it would not carry more than two."

"One," corrected Popjoy, then revealed his amazing plan. He proposed to sail the rickety craft alone, to put to sea and cruise north until he reached a settlement, or else spoke a ship, and it was plain that there was no dissuading him.

"Anyway," he argued, "it'll be doing something, and that's what counts. There's driftwood in plenty for the poles. . . . But I don't want the others to know. There'll be praise and all that and I don't like it. I don't like it."

To all intents and purposes it fell out as Popjoy wished. That is, while Carew kept the plan no secret from the rest, they held their tongues, neither suggesting nor interfering, and one day the odd craft was launched, no one assisting but Carew and the doctor.

But to Popjoy adventure seemed withered and dead, for the wind was gentle and the sea smooth, and on the afternoon of the first day out, while the land was still a purple cloud, the barque *Zebra* sighted the proa and hove to. For a moment the Stormy Petrel's twisted mind resented the idea of his rescue as a sort of invasion, but there was no way to avoid it. So he dropped his little sail and waited for the oncoming boat, though not without a tinge of bitterness in his

soul. It seemed to him that in spite of all efforts the Fates had marked him out for an undistinguished career and a life of dullness, and what had started as a most promising adventure seemed to have been thwarted.

What followed was ineffably dreary to him, all the questioning by the officers when he was aboard the *Zebra,* the being regarded as a curiosity by the crew, the changing of the course, the entering of the bay he had so recently sailed out of, and the rescuing of the marooned party. Indeed, but for a fleeting remembrance of the Running Footman, he might have decided to stay on the island.

Instead, he was assigned quarters with the crew, given duties, and so, in time, landed in England. Then, at the instigation of Carew, he was pardoned, and in less than a week had shipped on board of an East Indiaman.

Stormy Petrel Popjoy emerged from his seclusion quite surprisingly when his ship returned from her cruise, for the vessel had hardly dropped anchor in the Thames, when, on November 4th, of the year 1830, certain men with an air of official importance sought him, and escorted him to the Old Bailey to attend the Admiralty sessions, for the purpose of appearing as witness against five men, part of the piratical crew of the *Cyprus.* They had been found wandering about in the county of Sussex and were recognized as convicts returned untimely from transportation.

In court, the Stormy Petrel was overcome with

modest confusion before the solemn and bewigged figures who had it in their power to dispose of the lives and the liberties of men, and his reluctance to talk about his own share in the affair came near to wrecking the hopes of the prosecution. With mention of Van Diemen's Land he was suddenly back in that old world of cruelty and hunger and want, and memory of many bitter days tugged at his heart so that his sympathies were all with the men in the dock. Indeed, there was a moment when Popjoy came very nearing losing his own liberty, for, in reply to a question, a conviction in his heart translated itself into words.

"Convicts has got to try to escape just as jailers has got to try to keep 'em from escaping," he declared. "They wouldn't be men if they didn't try, and plannin' to escape is their bounden duty."

"Then are we to understand that you helped them to escape and to take the ship?" thundered counsel.

"Of course I did," retorted Popjoy defiantly, the battle light in his eyes. "And I was glad . . ."

Thus far he got when Lieutenant Carew whispered to his counsel, who, in turn, whispered to another, and then Popjoy's inquisitor was taken into the conference. Things became blurred and hurried, and things were done and said with neither witness nor prisoners understanding, and another counsel explained to the judge that the witness had wiped out his error by a deed of bravery. To Popjoy it was all arid and meaningless, though he caught enough to interrupt a speech and say, "But it wasn't bravery,

doing that. Them convicts had rights, and the government people had rights . . ." and might have said much more had he not been diplomatically silenced.

The upshot of the matter was that all unknowing, Popjoy escaped from great danger, and though rebelling, was put out of court and into a life of placidity, while two of the bushranging pirates were hanged, and the old account gives us to understand that "they behaved with much decorum, but were both extremely dejected" on the scaffold. A bearing, it would seem, both natural and proper in men so heavily preoccupied with very immediate affairs.

4

For a space, the Stormy Petrel led a tranquil life aboard ships, always busy and active, but always inwardly rebelling because the things that he did seemed small and trivial and foolish, and adventure was dead. Then came a day when he was strangely filled with a sense of responsibility. He had shipped aboard a vessel bound for Australia with the strangest cargo he had ever seen, a human cargo made up of the flotsam of England. There were miserable creatures who had known little but life in blast furnaces, and whose idea of England was a smoke-vomiting forest of chimneys. There were unfortunates who had lived in cellars, in rooms destitute of furniture, in stables where rain dripped through rotting roofs and where dung heaps lay on the floor; there were slack-mouthed, stupid-looking fellows from stone-bruised farms; men

from mines and quarries; some from slums, from crowded workshops where men and women and children breathed poisoned air; there were many from prisons and workhouses. For in the year 1837, from one cause and another, many human beings seemed to have become a "clear superfluity in the country" in the language of the government reports, and there was a wholesale gathering up and dumping of undesirables and idle hands.

For a time, the Stormy Petrel was disposed to hold himself aloof from the miserables in the hold, considering them as belonging to a world apart from that in which he moved. It seemed to him a bewildering piece of business that men should be taken across seas for the crime of poverty, in much the same way as men were shipped away for highway robbery, or for forgery, or for housebreaking. His perplexity increased when he reflected that they had the power of choice, and he somewhat despised them because they lacked a spirit of adventure. Otherwise, why had they stayed where hunger and poverty existed when they had legs to walk and hands to fight?

When the ship was in pleasant waters off Cape Verde, deck-washing being done and time hanging heavy on his hands, he gave ear to a dark-eyed, lank-haired young man with a high piping voice, one he had often heard talking to those who gathered about him and telling of a coming time when all would be well, if men would but cleave to a something that he called Chartism. The young man told tales too, interesting tales of fighting men who had done splendid

things, long ago, playing dangerous games with lofty contempt for authority. To Popjoy that seemed proper air-castle material and the very stuff of life; so he stood, drinking in every word, his eyes full of light. Unfortunately, it seemed that all such men had lived in the vanished years, and that his day was one in which the world was like an army without commanders, marching aimlessly.

Indeed, something like that last was the theme of the dark-eyed youth's message and he compared the world to a sick man whose chief need was a physician.

"There's you," he said, pointedly, "a man who ought to be a leader," and there was the murmur of approval from the listening circle. "Here you are, a man who showed all England that church doors should not be closed in its face, who did those things in Australia of which we've heard, and what are you doing? Nothing. Yet such men as you the Cause wants."

"What cause?" asked Popjoy.

"He asks me what Cause," said the youth, flinging out his arms dramatically, appealing to the blank faces before him. "What Cause? Why, the Cause of Mankind! The Cause of Justice! The Cause that is to drag man out of the mire! That's the Cause. Chartism, sir, Chartism!"

"Don't know nothing about it," said Popjoy. "Anyway, what could I do? Who wants me?" He was a little flattered and looked curiously at the young orator.

"Do?" said the young man, becoming very alert.

"What could you do? You? Why, anything. Everything you set your mind to. Isn't there a corrupt government to destroy? Isn't there a vicious aristocracy to defeat? Isn't there hypocrisy in the pulpit to confound? Such men as you, England wants. With you at the helm there'd be plenty to sweep away poverty and all that cruelty of transportation and tearing of men from their homes." The speaker dropped his voice a little and added, solemnly, "I told you of the men who brought King John to his knees at Runnymede, didn't I? Well. Let me tell you this. There are other kings to be brought to their knees. You made one king take the back door. Why not another? There are other Runnymedes and there are other charters to make. And let me tell you this. History is in the making. Not far from Newport stands Zephaniah's beerhouse, and that spot will be the Runnymede of the new charter."

From that hour the young man was more wordy than ever and Popjoy was told much more. New heroes came into his world, men, as it seemed, of power and of wisdom and of eloquence, of daring too, Bronterre, O'Connor, Lovett, Hetherington. And the youth, it presently transpired, had known adventure, especially in an affair in Birmingham when armed dragoons had ridden down crowds of unarmed men, and a mob, protesting, had marched to a church to tear down an iron railing and convert it into clumsy spears. Indeed, because of that, the youth was on his way to the other end of the earth.

Popjoy's eyes danced when he heard of that adven-

ture, a little reminiscent of one of his own, and thereafter he was eager for news of what the young man called The Movement. Before long he was dreaming of barricades and interesting things. The long and the short of it all was that when the *Lampton Castle* touched Cape Town, Stormy Petrel Popjoy, standing self-accused of being a very stronghold of indolence, decided to enter a path on which he might live a more vivid life. So he deserted, took ship for Wales, landed at Cardiff and, remembering the new Runnymede, tramped the hills to Newport and at last found Zephaniah Williams' beer house. The day on which he sighted it was November 3rd, 1839, the day before thousands of men "rushed like a torrent from the hill to lay in ruin the commercial emporium of their country," under the generalship of William Lloyd Jones, one time strolling actor, later a social reformer.

The beer house was a place of grimy unpleasantness with an all-pervading air of decay. Windows were cracked, doors hung badly on imperfect hinges, shutters creaked and slapped, the bench that stood outside was propped up with an improvised leg, and even the pewter pots seemed to have had unhappy and disfiguring experiences. What most astonished the sailor were the crowd and the atmosphere of excitement about the place. Men came from the inn with pots of beer, to sit or stand outside, and to talk revolution as they sipped. Every moment others came down the road, some lounging, some in haste. Close to the door a man, mounted on a stool, was making

a fiery speech, gesticulating the while, and unkempt fellows gathered about him, some with sticks, one or two with guns. Soon a horseman clattered up to the place with tidings, and all gathered to hear, the inn keeper himself, who wore a big blue sash in token of some office he bore, elbowing his way to the front and leaving his business to run itself. The tidings were that the mayor of Newport was arresting all suspicious-looking people and lodging them in the Westgate Hotel; that five hundred special constables had been sworn in; that a detachment of troops had been requested from the authorities at Bristol; that the soldiers who were on guard in the Westgate Hotel were themselves ardently devoted to the cause of Chartism and awaited the appearance of the patriots to declare themselves and fraternize, as troops had done in the French Revolution. Having said his say, the horseman dismounted and passed into the inn, and others followed, Popjoy among them. In the tap room, which was crowded almost beyond endurance, at one moment Popjoy was no one in particular, a moment later a temporary center of interest.

For at one end of the room a little flight of stairs led to rooms above, and on one of these stood the little old weazened man with bleary eyes, who, years before, had talked so eloquently on Rights and Wrongs in the Running Footman. He had in his pocket a letter from Cape Town, in the hand of the eloquent young orator of the emigrant ship, notifying him that the doughty Popjoy had accepted Chartism as a

creed, but of that he made no mention. No sooner had he clapped eyes on the sailor than he gave a shrill shout which compelled attention, extending an indicating arm, meanwhile, in Popjoy's direction. Silence being gained, he volubly announced that a man of fighting spirit was among them.

"It's the man who made King George take the back door," he announced. "It's fighting Popjoy. It's the brave man who told the judges that he was at heart with the convicts. It's Popjoy the bushranger, the leader we are looking for."

Then he made his way through the crowd and attached himself to Popjoy, apparently brimming over with affection and delight at the discovery of the champion. Nor could Popjoy, being filled with a modest confusion, make himself heard. Indeed, it speedily became manifest that he was a heaven-sent leader and patriot, a free-crusader of indomitable courage and resolve, one fitted above all others to lead an emancipated people. So greatness was thrust upon him.

That night there was planning, Zephaniah, a certain Mr. Frost and the weazened man being big with issues, discussing vehemently, arguing, perorating, scheming. All night there came men telling of the mustering of patriots and volunteers, of officials in a state of sore distraction, of a nation with eyes glued on Wales and her Chartists, of pulpits trembling and statesmen shuddering. That night it rained incessantly so that couriers who came towards morning made it abundantly clear that this expected

detachment and that would not come with banners in their tens of thousands, but only in their scores and their dozens.

Not all were discouraged, and at nine in the morning there came, marching over the hills the more valiant ones—men from mines and from factories, savage people and people frightened and those whose courage had cooled; many of them were armed with hastily contrived weapons or with things snatched up at a last moment, pistols, rusty old guns, blunderbusses, sledge hammers, iron rods, scythes, bludgeons, hatchets, pitchforks. Popjoy had some vague idea of fighting his way out of it all, but when the crowd began to move, he found himself in the middle of a few stalwart men and he had a queer feeling that it was all a fantastic dream through which he must go in spite of himself. Soon things resolved themselves for him. The great crowd was on a hill that overlooks Newport and the roaring of many voices had ceased. The man he had heard addressed as Mr. Frost was making a speech, a fiery speech, and there was crowding pressure to hear him, with expectation wrought to highest pitch. Presently sentences broke clean on his understanding.

"Have you men no hearts?" the orator Frost was saying. "Are you all cowards? There, in Westgate, the enemies of the common people hold your brothers prisoners, to send them as convicts to the Australian bush, to dark cells, to the whipping post. Will you see all that yet raise no hand? Is there no man with heart enough to lead the people?"

He made a sweeping gesture as he said that and Popjoy had a feeling that the eyes of all there were on him. It seemed to him that for once he was refusing to dare, that something impassioned and of vast interest was waiting on his nod. Yet it was a bewildering business that he should be chosen. Nor did it seem to be his own voice that roared, "Come on then!"

There was a movement and he was heading a stampede, filled with a fixed idea, the idea to save others from the bitterness he had known. He was in the forefront of a yelling crowd, running blindly, mechanically. It came upon him then with force that he was leader, and after that he became impenetrable to any other idea than that he was to lead in the storming of some building unknown to him. That building represented everything that he had learned to hate. It represented authority. It represented the stronghold of men who had done him wrong with their talk of pardon. It represented incomprehensible things.

"Westgate! Westgate!" he heard people shout. "Down with Westgate! Hurrah for Chartism!" and he took up the cry, bellowing like a bull.

Once he stumbled and almost fell, but he was on his feet again in an instant, waving his arms and shouting.

Streets seemed to close about him, streets and houses that sprung up astonishingly. Everywhere at windows were heads, here and there a flag or a banner, and side streets were packed with massed people who seemed to be struggling forward. Then there was an

open place in which people eddied and parted to make way for him and those who followed him. Horses were there, and carts, and carriages on the roofs of which people were perched. Always people, people, people. People crowding, pushing, elbowing. And everywhere there was a madness of noise, of shouting, of bell ringing, of shrill whistling, of hammering and banging, and above all, the piercing shrieking of women and children. The whole world was a world of grumbling discontent and smouldering rage and he was central in it. Yet all that became a monotony soon, and he pushed on ahead of his rabble, stunned by the tumult, until he woke from a kind of stupor to find himself roaring with strange laughter at the confusion and disturbance that he was making.

Suddenly the frantic streets seemed to have disappeared and a big building loomed up suddenly, in the front of it a double row of men that he knew to be special constables, and here and there the black mouth of a cannon. Through the ranks of these he plunged, through and into the clear space beyond, his followers pouring after him with impetuous speed. And then a new vision—a flash in which he saw closed doors, a portico, many windows at which were soldiers, soldiers too on the roof, and the cold glitter of arms.

"Forward!" yelled Popjoy, and there was a tremendous roaring of voices, though the character of the roar had changed as the crash of thunder suddenly changes to far rumbling. Through the noise the sound of a trumpet call cut like a sharp sword. Then

the human stream changed to a whirlpool. It was the meeting of many currents, a mad whirling of tightly packed humanity, a swirl with no direction. All common interest was lost and men fought with one another, trampled their fellows down, drove headlong one mass against another. Some tried to fight their way to the portico, others, insane with the fear of mischief, crouched and tore. A multitudinous shout arose that flashed into words—"They're going to fire! Help! Help!" and everybody seemed to be in bloodless battle. What had been the gray of a thousand faces, in a moment turned black, and the crowd about the house melted, so that Popjoy was almost alone on the portico.

One moment he stared, amazed at the swift change, then he grasped something of the situation. Leaping down the steps, he stood facing the house, his arms held high, his eyes ablaze. Again the trumpet blast swept the world into silence, and the voice of the sailor was heard in frantic appeal.

"Don't fire! For God's sake! I'll clear the place."

At the windows there was a mechanical movement and guns were brought to a level, slowly, deliberately, and men who saw, were terror-mad.

"Don't shoot!" roared Popjoy, suppliant, his wild heart aburst, his arms spread to protect the heaped masses that struggled, vainly.

But there came a sharp spitting of fire, and after that on the pavement were many dead and dying, and there were widening bloody pools. And among those who fell was the sailor.

He rose again, his blood bedabbled face lifted to the windows, and, for a moment stood staggering, his hands going up and down feebly, pleading still. Then again there was the mechanical movement at the windows, again a volley, and the swaying figure toppled over.

CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT

Soldier, Churchman and Bushranger

SIXTEEN-STRING JACK

(The song that Ledger sang)

A cloudy night, and pretty hard it blowed,
The dashy, splashy, leary little stringer
Mounted his roan, and took the road—
Phililoo!
"My Lord Cashall's on the road to-night,
Down with the lads, make my lord alight—
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!"
CHORUS—*"Ran dan," &c.*

"You horrid wretch," said my Lord to Rann—
The dashy, splashy, leary little stringer—
"How dare you rob a gentleman?"
Phililoo!
Says Jack, says he, with his knowing phiz,
"I ain't very partic'lar who it is!
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!"
CHORUS—*"Ran dan," &c.*

We collar'd the blunt, started for town,
The dashy, splashy, leary little stringer,
Horses knock'd up, men knock'd down—
Phililoo!
A lady's carriage we next espied,
I collar'd the blunt, Jack jumped inside,
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!
CHORUS—*"Ran dan," &c.*

Jack took off his hat, with a jaunty air—
The dashy, splashy, leary little stringer,
And he kissed the lips of the lady fair—
Phililoo!
She sigh'd a sigh, and her looks said plain:
"I don't care much if I'm robbed again!"
Ran dan row de dow, on we go!
CHORUS—*"Ran dan," &c.*

CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT

1

LESS than an hour ago, I picked up one of my diaries, a rough record, kept irregularly when I was in South America, and came across an entry which brought a vivid memory of a man who could talk without exhaustion for hours on end. The entry ran:

"Old Joe Ledger, from San Gregorio, stayed at my shanty all night. He rode up at sundown, and, soon after, Fat Mackenzie of Cape Negro came. Supper we had roast ostrich. Few games of cribbage. Old Ledger told us about George Scott of Australia, a bushranger. Ledger is a notorious liar but I think there is solid foundation for the tale he told and he answered our questions freely and without hesitation. Sat up all night talking, then started for Palli-aike, taking three horses. . . ."

Reading that, I found it easy to recall Ledger, a wrinkled old rascal with iron-gray hair, one tough as hickory. A harmless, perhaps unnecessary man, like how many more of his sort to be found loafing, or beach combing, or hanging about estancias, doing odd

jobs for anything that they can get—mixing sheep-dip, sweeping up after shearers, washing clothes, opening and closing pen gates, a help to the cook in times of stress or drunkenness, doing the wood-cutting, the butchering.

For long that night we three talked of things in general and nothing in particular, of horses and dogs, of the prowess of riders and the skill of shearers, which last brought up the subject of George Scott, opened up Ledger's conversational flood-gates, as it were. For Mackenzie spoke of a shearer at Romero who had clipped the fleeces of a hundred and sixty-nine ewes in a single day, not with a machine but by hand, and without tying the legs of the sheep. When he went on to say that in his opinion that constituted a world's record, Ledger gave utterance, telling of Australians in Victoria and New South Wales who had turned out their two hundred and more, and he scornfully repudiated the idea that either Patagonia or the Falkland Islands could produce men in any way the equals, much less the superiors, of those he had known in Australia. Indeed, he assured us that an Australian would look upon a Patagonian with flippant contempt, that the island continent was crowded with neglected genius, and there, only, was the final and perfect way of doing things known. Even in outlawry Australia excelled and George Scott, in his opinion, was the perfect example of outlaw virtuosity.

"Look at Scott," he said, and impatient exasperation was in his voice. "There was a man for you, and

the like of him couldn't be bettered. Why, the man could do anything. Anything at all. The blessed Bishop himself said that Scott bested him when it came down to preaching a sermon. Then there was riding. I seen him win a military race at Wagga Wagga in '68. I mind the year, 'cause that there Roger Tichbourne was there. And where'd you find a better bushranger than that same Scott, I'd like to know? Look at the Mount Egerton affair! Look at the Ballarat prison! Why, the man was a wonder. Don't talk to me about your Bill Downers."

Having delivered himself with extraordinary spontaneity and conviction, he expectorated into the wood box, then indulged in some random satire at Patagonian notions of outlaws.

Being a man, Ledger was a liar; not a vicious liar by any means, but rather a genial liar with a taste for moralizing, who would not let a good story fall flat for the lack of vivid color. So it would be a pity to discard his tales, or even the greater part of them, for there was a sound basis of truth for much that he told, though he lacked the recognition he deserved as an historian. As a good general working rule, the time to have laudable doubts was when he attempted verisimilitude by painting himself as the spot-light hero, or when his story ran in such fashion that he seemed to have been eye witness altogether too omnipresent. Certainly there is no reason to doubt that he saw the Reverend George Scott several times, saw him and talked with him, listened to his scriptural readings on rare occasions, played a subordinate part, too, per-

haps, in a couple of adventures. For the rest, there are newspapers and court records easily obtainable for the purpose of verification.

Through Ledger's eyes, then, we see the young aspirant for churchly honors as one of well-bred carriage, who sat erect on his horse, a man of a dignified simplicity when he chose, supple, well-bronzed, with blue eyes and black hair, a prompt decisive kind of man with an air of neatness about him on all occasions. Also under Ledger's spell we dismiss the foolish affectation that a man of some religious austerity must of necessity be full of self-abnegation and guilelessness, one born with an ascetic contempt for action. In the case of George Scott we readily rid ourself of that delusion, remembering that he saw service in New Zealand between 1861 and 1865, and was one of the military escort attacked by the Maoris on that fourth day of May, in 1863, when six Englishmen fell.

After George Scott had been honorably discharged he became filled with the idea of spiritual austerity. "What he seen in the Maori war," said Ledger, "turned him agin the world and them as run things." Anyway, the Bishop of Melbourne appointed him a lay-reader, and, because of his clear, elegant, sober speech, he was much sought after. And one day, as he sat reading in his room in Mount Egerton, Joe Ledger, then a youngish man, knocked at the door and was admitted. Ledger was at that time working on the Tweedie sheep station, and his employer had sent him into town with a led horse, so that Mr. Scott might ride out in comfort and hold services, Tweedie having

certain ideals relative to possibilities of refinement and intellectual growth and all that.

We have Ledger's opinion that at Tweedie's the reverend gentleman found things dull. Doubtless, a certain ecclesiastical compulsion was put upon the young man by Tweedie's aunt, a maiden lady given to quaint theological disputations, and at tea she entrapped the theological student in some argument in casuistry. As Ledger put it:

"I went in there to ask about the horses, an' there was him an' the ol' girl talkin' 'ammer an' tongs. I heerd 'em. 'Eternal elevation of character,' she kep' on sayin' an' me standin' there like a fool, mind you, them takin' no more of notice of me than if I was a pup."

Leaving all such considerations, theological and sectarian, out of account, it is enough to record that there was a religious service in the evening at the "big" house, with sonorous prayers and lustily sung hymns, though only a scant few from the men's quarters attended; not that they absented themselves from any spirit of sectarian pride, but rather that they cared little for the higher ethical altitudes. We infer, also, that Mr. Scott was a man somewhat opposed to a sterile conservatism, because that night, when those in the Tweedie residence slept, he walked abroad under the stars for a while and presently came to the cook house, where he surveyed things from the outside, and through the window.

Because of the tobacco smoke-laden atmosphere of the long, low-ceilinged room, a few faces would stand

out here and there as the reverend gentleman viewed things by the bleary light of the oil lamps, but the greater part of the room would have been lost in a mystery of blue, slowly waving fog. Thus, because of the diligence of the smokers and the dirtiness of the window panes, much of the grimy unpleasantness of the place would have been unseen by Scott and the general air must have seemed one of jollity. For there were card-playing men, and men who talked, one who played a tin whistle, some who sat with shoeless feet cocked on the table to listen or to ruminate, others who dozed by way of appetizer before going to bunk. Some were reading, for an old newspaper had found its way there, to be torn apart in a spirit of *camaraderie.* About the newspaper-covered walls hung coats and hats and jackets; here and there were roughly made shelves bearing butter tins, and private and individual stocks of tobacco, and private and individual packages of sugar, and private and individual pots of jam. And the long, plain table was littered with burnt matches, and scraps of tobacco, and ruinous-looking playing cards, and crusts of bread—all the heterogenous litter of a score of careless and tired men.

"And there was me," Ledger told us, "a-sittin' on the table a-holdin' the cook house cat, when in comes 'is reverence as bold as Billy-be-damned. No sooner did he set eyes on me than he calls out, 'Say, Joe—' " and Ledger's version would lead us to believe that the Reverend George Scott delivered a kind of public address on the virtues and wisdom of Joe. There was

Ledger's weakness revealed. What really happened was this:

It was a little time before all there became aware of the presence of the ecclesiastic, but, in the manner of men of the bush, there was some hearty and clumsy fussing with the offer of things to eat as the nearest road to hospitality, and Mr. Scott made a good meal of cold mutton, and new bread, and very black tea. The talk, which had ceased abruptly upon recognition of the visitor, gradually recommenced, though, in honor to the cloth, oaths were fewer and milder, each man so restraining himself being secretly proud of his reticence.

Presently, a ruddy-faced man who had been watching the lay-reader intently, guardedly put a question.

"Your face," he said, "reminds me of some one. I knew a George Scott once. You can't be the same Scott who was at Rangarari when we whipped the Maoris under General Cameron, can you?"

Hearing that, those closest pricked their ears. When it turned out that the ruddy-faced shearer was not mistaken, and that the young minister was, in very truth, an old campaigner, the gulf that separated him from the rest of everyday humanity was bridged at once. Then George Scott became central, a man and an acknowledged brother, and no longer stood apart as a figure bounded by darkness and mystery, a semi-malignant creature whose mission, in the eyes of the unregenerate, it was to frustrate earthly happiness.

More than that. There was an early development

of mild festivities. Some one produced a bottle of rum, and the reverend gentleman took his share, though because of that, here and there, cynical conclusions were drawn. On the whole, it was felt that Mr. Scott found relief in throwing aside the life uninteresting and unattainable, to grasp real experience, so hands were stretched forth to welcome him. On his part, Mr. Scott came out bravely and well as a raconteur, and a young man at once amiable, strong, manly and free and easy. There was a little boxing, too, for the sport was immensely popular, and Mr. Scott put on the gloves with Jack Donnelly and exhibited the greatest proficiency. So things went very well until it was long past midnight.

"We had singing that night," Ledger told us. "Me, I sung the song of Sixteen-string Jack, that is, Jack Rann the 'ighwayman. And, Lord! Talk about singing! You should have heard his reverence at it. I ain't got any voice any more or I'd sing the song. Yellin' at animals 'as spoiled what voice I 'ad. But it made the tears run down our cheeks to hear the Reverend come out with that kind of 'untin' call that goes 'Phililoo!' at the end of the line. He took it up like a real 'unter, puttin' 'is 'ands to 'is mouth like a 'untin' 'orn." He gave practical illustration.

In short, it seemed that George Scott was out for adventure, was full of a boyish sense of life, his spiritual side latent and submerged. He recited the bolder parts of Burns' "Jolly Beggars," and there were colliding emotions when he did so, and in the discussion that followed, he announced his belief in the sterling

And, Lord! Talk about singing! You should have heard His Reverence at it!

simplicity of the vagabond unashamed of his vagabondage. Ledger expressed his belief that the singing of the song of Sixteen-string Jack marked a turning point in the minister's career, said, too, that he was not alone in the belief, and that among the men of Tweedie's there was general credence that after hearing the merry ballad, the soul of Mr. Scott was so transfused with gladness that he decided, then and there, to breathe the atmosphere of perfect freedom and to live a life in which he, the individual man, should struggle against individual man as well as against organized society. But it is idle to speculate on root causes. Certainly there was more than a dash of the vagabond in Scott.

This much is certain. Two nights after the affair in the cook-house at Tweedie's, while Mr. Prothero, the manager of the Union Bank at Mount Egerton, sat in his room, enjoying his bottle of wine, the rattle of the door handle caused him to look up and he saw a masked man in the doorway, a robust and well-proportioned figure, dressed in the respectable long black coat and white tie of a clergyman.

Mr. Prothero was by no means of a combative disposition, nor was he in any way of adventurous turn, but rather one who indulged intellectual indolence, so the sight of his visitor affected him deeply; and it was, as a discovery, almost as appalling as if the kitten that sat purring on the rug had suddenly changed to a ravening tiger. Moreover, Mr. Prothero was essentially timid and of the sort that easily loses poise and balance. Had he been otherwise he might

have leaped to his feet and taken down the revolver that hung over the fireplace, for the man in the doorway stood apparently unarmed, or at least displayed no weapon. Instead, the banker fell back in his chair and gave a suppressed cry which was almost a groan. At that the masked man walked over to where the banker sat, took down the revolver and presented it at the financier's head. It was a humiliating predicament and the astonished man tried to pull himself together and bring things into order, for he had no doubt at all of the identity of his visitor.

"Scott," he nerved himself to say, "what are you doing? It's a silly kind of joke you are playing, I tell you. Put that pistol down, man! Put it down, please, it's loaded."

Mr. Scott, on his side, chose to affect a kind of pleasantry, but it was a pleasantry strongly seasoned with the insolence of conscious mastery. "Loaded? Ah! That, my dear sir, is as it should be," and he played with the weapon dangerously.

"I tell you it might go off," Mr. Prothero said, very huskily, with some hazy notion that subtlety and insinuation might work wonders.

"May you, Mr. Prothero, be of the joyful and generous hope that it will do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Scott. "I really want to avoid any such damnable thing as murder."

"Dramatic tomfoolery," said Mr. Prothero, whose hope grew brighter as Scott talked. "It's all preposterous."

"Let me assure you, Mr. Prothero, that this is no

idle joke and that I am neither whimsical nor childish. Indeed, practical joking I hold to be a detestable thing and I would be the last one in the world to sacrifice your comfort to my mere pleasure. To be sure, to sacrifice your comfort to my needs and requirements is another thing, altogether. You see, you have been making of yourself a money-collecting machine. I am going to play the same game, but using different methods. No. Don't try to get up. I'll shoot, I warn you."

Mr. Prothero had raised himself in his seat and made a slight move forward, but at Scott's words he dropped back again and watched, staring. At that, Scott took off his mask and sat down at the other side of the table.

"The truth is, Mr. Prothero, that I begin to crave, well, let us say, status and position, so I have put aside my natural bashfulness and come to you fortified, as it were. In brief, I want you to give me what ready cash there is in the bank, which I propose to use for my own ends. . . . By George! The whole thing does look like polite comedy, I'll admit. But I mean what I say."

"Now, now. This won't do at all, you know. There are courts of law . . ." began the banker, very nervously. Then he dropped the threatening attitude and commenced upon a new tack, and a note of persuasion was in his voice. "The church to which you belong . . ." he said, and again found himself at a conversational blank. Again he made a new attack. "Really, sir, this imitation of bandits and bushrang-

ers . . ." then flickered out feebly. He seemed to crumple up.

The manner of Mr. Scott was courteous in the extreme and he spoke almost as one conducting delicate negotiations, his voice even. The revolver he had laid on the table.

"Imitation of bandits and bushrangers," he said, repeating his victim's words. "Well, perhaps. I am sorry that there is not more merit and originality in my act, my dear sir, but I am new to the mode of life. Later, perhaps, I may do something of surpassing brilliance. But at present I have merely touched the fringe. I am in transition. But I shall achieve individuality, I hope. As to this present affair, delicate tact would have been more to my liking, I assure you, so I trust that you will pardon what may seem harsh and provocative discipline, this actually vulgar and blatant stuff."

He indicated the revolver with a little nod of his head, then he smiled.

"Well, I suppose—" began Mr. Prothero, but he was interrupted.

"Naturally you are planning capitulation with the ulterior motive of my subsequent arrest," said Scott. "But I have planned things, passed possibilities under ruthless scrutiny, you know, made effective preparations and all that. I have brought with me some ruled paper, school paper, you see, taken from an exercise book. Please bring pen and ink. You need not leave the room. You have them on the desk at your left hand. There."

Prothero reached across to the desk at his left hand and set the ink bottle and pen on the table, silent and wondering and afraid. Scott then poured out a couple of glasses of sherry and handed one to the banker, who swallowed it at a gulp. He tried to force a laugh, but it was a pitiful attempt and ended in something very like a sob.

"Have you really thrown aside everything?" he managed to say at last. He had the expression of a man in a trance.

"Why try to delay matters?" asked Scott. "Why not let us get the whole thing done and thrust the preposterous tangle out of sight. Of course I have thrown aside everything, by which you mean the church. You see, self-confidence, too much of it I expect, led me thoughtlessly to undertake the task of lifting others, when a very little reflection might have shown me that I could not lift myself. I suppose that my sentiment overpowered my intellect. Really it was this way. I was rash enough to think that I could explain the relation of man to the universe to such as you, who, after all, care nothing for that kind of thing, and, indeed, care for nothing but to have your hands in other people's pockets. Now a very little determination, a surprisingly little, has enabled me to change the aspect of affairs. Having commenced, I must not halt halfway. So to work. You will please write as I dictate. Ready?"

"I don't see . . ." began Prothero, but made haste to take up the pen when Scott cocked the revolver, for in spite of the appearance of dramatics, there was

a serene, sustained confidence about the man that awed the banker.

"You are going to write something calculated to stand me in good stead, should you be so unwise as to parade this affair publicly," said Scott. "But parade it or not, let me tell you that my reputation as an uncalculating, uncomplicated being will be an asset not to be overlooked. On the other hand you are known as a man too fond of his drink and one with a grasping disposition. But enough. Write as I dictate."

There was no more delay then. Prothero, profoundly shocked, wiped his perspiration-beaded brow with his shirt sleeve and wrote without protest, signing his name with his customary flourish. And this is what he wrote:

"To Whom It May Concern—
Captain Moonlite has stuck me up and robbed the bank.
Wm. Prothero."

Scott took and read the paper twice. "You have spelled the word 'moonlight' wrong but that is all the better. It makes the letter more individual, more characteristic. Now put on your things."

Prothero obeyed meekly enough.

"The plan involves a walk to the school-house," said Scott, "and I trust that you will remember to conduct yourself with discretion. I trust absolutely in your fear."

There were no adventures on the way, the night being dark and the street deserted. So Scott took Prothero to the school-house, and the letter, with one

of Prothero's gloves, was left on a desk, then robber and prisoner returned to the bank, where the banker produced gold and silver, and, at the point of the pistol, submitted to be bound and gagged.

"It has been a great success," observed Scott happily, as he stood looking down at his victim. "Naturally you are extremely exasperated, but it is as Aristotle said, and pleasures can only be obtained by injustice. That you must have noticed in the course of your own business. So good night, and I can assure you that all this richness of activity has been highly exhilarating, quite a welcome interlude in a life somewhat stagnant and lustreless."

With that, Scott took himself off, and, ten minutes later, was in his own room. Being in no mood for sleep, he livened his fire, burned his mask, hid his booty and then fell to reading. As it happened, Inspector Wills, passing that way on his rounds, saw him through the window, a square-shouldered, studious figure in a room of orderly array, bending over his books, his head propped on his fists. He tapped at the pane in friendly way, whereupon, in characteristic good nature and fellowship, George Scott leaped to his feet, hurried to open the door, and immediately addressed himself to hospitality. Soon after, a cold, misty drizzle of rain commenced to fall, so George Scott made tea and toast, and the two sat talking before the fire until dawn came.

Rough as he was, Inspector Wills had the essence of a gentleman, so, when he stood at the door making his farewell, he bethought him how he had imposed

himself upon his host in such wise as to make him lose a whole night's rest, and he also remembered that in a very short while, breakfast would be ready at the police station. What then more natural and proper than that he should invite the young churchman to breakfast with him, and what more natural and pleasant than that the invitation should be accepted? So the two walked to the station, the rain having ceased, and sat down presently to a meal of good coffee, and eggs, and fried sausages, and they had barely finished talking, among other things, about the report which was current of Banker Prothero's unwise investments and narrowed financial straits, when the door was flung open and the banker himself appeared, and at his heels the schoolmaster, both in great excitement, the former, indeed, almost incoherent.

"Scott's a thief! Scott's a thief!" shouted Prothero as he fidgeted about jerkily, like a marionette. "Arrest that fellow!" he demanded of Inspector Wills, and flung out an accusing finger. Then everybody talked at once, except Scott, who sat contemplating his accuser with sustained attention. Speaking very rapidly, the banker poured into the ear of the Inspector a most amazing tale and ended by slamming the note he had written a few hours before, on the table.

"But listen to me," interrupted the amazed police officer. "This is ridiculous. As it happens, I have been with Mr. Scott all night and until we came here together. You must be mistaken."

That speech was like a cold shower to the schoolmaster, who broke into a perspiration and mumbled

something to the effcct that he knew nothing about the affair, except that he had entercd the school and found a paper on his dcsk, and with it one of the banker's gloves, and, hastening to the banker's house had found him in a state of great excitement.

"Who opcned the door to you?" asked the inspector.

"Mr. Prothero, himself," answered the schoolmaster.

"Gagged? Tied?" came the questions.

"You fool. I had worked loose," declared the banker, then broke out into fierce denunciations of Scott, gesturing in savage spite, angry to madness with his jangling emotions.

Up to then, Scott had sat silent, apparently an amused and unconcerned spectator. When things had quieted down a little he spoke, very composedly.

"Mr. Wills, this is a delicate business," he said. "May I see that paper again? Ah! Thank you." He cast an eye over it swiftly, then laughed lightly, showing his white teeth. "It is Prothero's writing and Prothero's spelling. You see that by the peculiarities. Still, absurd as it all is, it is a case for investigation. Clearly, I am the injured party and must insist upon some kind of action, the more because I have business that takes me away for a little while. Yet everything seems so obvious. Here, as it happens, Mr. Wills and I have spent the night together. Yet I must have been in two places at once, to gag and bind and to rob. Then Mr. Thomas finds this letter on his desk, left there apparently by Mr. Prothero,

and, going to the banker's, has the door opened by the gagged man himself. Really, I must insist upon a thorough investigation."

The amazing end of it all was that an investigation was held, and the whole charge seemed so preposterous that both schoolmaster and banker were held under bond on a charge of libel and conspiracy, and the case was postponed to permit George Scott to attend to those affairs which called him away for a time. Yet, with perfect good will the young man offered to forgo the trip if to do so seemed wise, but Inspector Wills, after considering the facts in all their difficulty and gravity, persuaded Scott that it was his duty to attend to his mission matters and assured him that he would coöperate most heartily in getting the ugly tangle straightened out.

"Of your innocence," he declared, "I have no doubt whatever. But I'm hanged if I can get at the bottom of Prothero's motives."

"Because they are unfathomable," said Scott.

"It's all stuff and nonsense," declared Tweedie's aunt, who, hearing of the affair, had ridden post haste to town and offered the resources of the sheep farm as security, if needed. "The banker sins against Love and Light. Be off with you, George Scott, and attend to your business."

It became plain that there was a great preponderance of opinion on the side of the young churchman, so he, in the character of one who would yield rather than fight, left Mount Egerton, after the parishioners

of the mission church had blunted the sting of parting by a testimonial in the shape of a gold watch and chain.

2

Arrived at Sydney, for George Scott there was a fastidious avoidance of common places. He took a suite of rooms at the most expensive hotel; and when it became noised about that he was a wealthy Irishman on a visit to the colonies, polite doors were opened to him, and business adventurers were quick to further his interests. In two rooms, divided by folding doors, new furniture was installed, the walls were hung with pictures and the floors were laid with soft carpets. There were other audacities, elaborate parties to which local high society was invited, and the Scott apartments were gay with smartly dressed ladies in silks and satins, and an air of dignity was lent by the presence of influential men. Everybody who was anybody believed in the pleasant young man, everybody who was anybody sought to know him, and things went very smoothly. To a man reading the Sydney newspapers of that time, much is revealed that shows the Honorable George Scott to have been not indifferent to the artistic life of the town. There were functions that included both laymen and practicing artists, and a diversity of entertainments of a musical nature were given. The young man apparently had no plans, or at least gave no intimation of having any, until, one evening when there was a dinner party, with silver

and fine napery and music and excellent service and flowers and shining candelabra, a certain Mr. Stamford spoke enthusiastically of the South Sea islands. He pictured a place of wondrous ease and contentment, a kind of earthly paradise of blue and green and sunset gold, where the vivid spirit of youth might last into middle age.

The Honorable George listened, nodded, said a word now and then, and, at the end, observed that he might possibly visit the place; then, being politely questioned, languidly but smilingly regretted the fact that it was extremely difficult to get to such out of the way ends of the earth. At that, Mr. Stamford, who was a pushing kind of man with watchful eyes, fell into a profound meditation, and, when he spoke again, said that it was curious, almost a coincidence indeed, that there was at anchor in the bay a small yacht, the which, he had no doubt, might be picked up for a mere song, the owner of it being financially unhappy. Hearing that, the Honorable George for a moment or so revealed a kind of modified interest, but immediately after a slight shade of annoyance seemed to possess him. Yet it was no more than a summer cloud of disappointment, that swiftly passed, to leave him serenely smiling.

"You see, I have to bear burdens," he said whimsically. "Certain dividends will not be due for almost a month. Otherwise, I might be tempted, I say I *might* be, to buy the boat out of hand. As matters stand it is impossible, for I have always had a dislike of debt as being a bar to untroubled happiness."

Mr. Stamford said that he warmed to the Honorable George because of that sentiment, said also that the prejudice was highly meritorious, and the matter was dropped for a time.

Still, the idea seemed to interest the young host in such way that it opened up vistas, and, after the dinner, as he stood on the hearth rug happily surveying his guests, he referred, *en passant,* to his own yacht then in Cork Harbor, speaking of it not boastfully, but lightly and with a kind of affection, as any man pleasantly circumstanced might do. Mr. Stamford, on his part, somewhat pressed the matter with easy grace, displaying creditable sympathy for the owner of the yacht, in his financial embarrassment, and at last, perhaps to please a guest, perhaps to relieve distress, the Honorable George, who was never given to hesitation, said, "Well, if your friend, the owner, is really pressed, and if a trifle will assist him over a tight place . . . oh, but it is quite unthinkable, my dear Mr. Stamford. I was about to say that I could spare a couple of hundred pounds down, with a check for let us say a hundred and fifty and my note for the balance, whatever it is. But let us dismiss the matter. Money is a bewildering business and considerations of it crush and confound one."

"Oh, not at all. Not at all," declared Mr. Stamford. "I assure you that the ready cash would indeed lift my friend out of a dilemma. To tell you the truth I would buy the boat myself, though I am no seaman, were it not for the fact that . . ." and he veered off on matters connected with marts and money.

"Now would you indeed?" asked the Honorable George, regarding his guest thoughtfully.

"I certainly would," said Mr. Stamford with warm conviction. "The boat's a bargain, and I assure you that your offer is most generous. Between gentlemen the transfer can be made." He became solicitous. "Of course, I see how business details would be distasteful to a gentleman of leisure, but fellows in the business world take matters differently. Let me act for you. Let me arrange things."

"It is very kind of you," said the Honorable George. "I would not be very competent, you know. At home my solicitor attended to my affairs. Quite a remarkable chap. Of course I would like to take a trial trip for a few days, you know. And I would retain the captain and crew and all that kind of thing. You know how it is. Suppose I were in a vigorous and adventurous mood to-morrow, for instance."

"You could start to-night if you wanted to," said Mr. Stamford.

The little talk ended then, but five minutes later it was whispered in the smoking-room that the Honorable George had bought a yacht.

Thereafter things went swiftly enough and over a bottle of wine certain papers were signed, certain arrangements were made, while the Honorable George protested that it was "a bewildering business" and that all money matters were too profound for his understanding; and the *Swallow,* a schooner-rigged little beauty, bright with white paint and brass work,

changed owners. The next morning she sailed out of the bay, a light wind abeam, on a four or five days' trial cruise, with the Honorable George seated on the bulwarks amidships, watching with a languid air as the white houses of Sydney fell away, to become a whitish blur against the green.

Most unfortunately the wind dropped, and soon there was a wide, unruffled calm, at which the captain fumed privately, he being a worthy man proud of his seamanship. But the Honorable George was rather amused than annoyed at his impatience, and bade him eat his breakfast in peace. A little white table was set on the deck, the morning being warm, and owner and captain sat together and talked to each other across a bowl of blue and gold-yellow flowers. The meal ended, the Honorable George, fine in a suit of white, sat on a deck chair, leaning against the brass rail of the skylight, and marked, meditatively, a steam launch in the distance that had left the harbor and was making towards the *Swallow,* its plume of smoke marring the beauty of the placid sea picture.

"Except for the smoke, a pretty sight, Captain," observed the yacht owner with a faintly wistful smile, indicating the launch.

"They're making a nine knot clip," said the captain. "And it's the coast guard boat. You can tell it by that strip of red on the funnel. Wonder what they'll be wanting."

"I would hazard a guess that some one on board has

some business matter to discuss with me," said the Honorable George. "I shall find it a boring occupation to attend to their wants."

He picked up the telescope and brought it to bear on the boat, looked carefully for a moment or two, then clicked it shut and handed it to the captain.

"Nothing is more wearisome to me than business details," he said. "I had anticipated a few days of quiet pleasure, of fullness of life, but that hope is now gone, for I see Mr. Stamford on the launch, and he is a man without attraction to me. Mark my words, he will not even be courteous."

Indeed, the courteous bearing of Mr. Stamford fell from him like a garment when he went to the bank and found the Scott check valueless. So shocked he was that he regarded the cashier with a peculiarly malignant expression, and said things that entirely justified the expressed prejudices of the Honorable George. After that, it was a wildly disordered gentleman that tore about town for three hours, going to other banks, notifying the police, getting out a warrant, denouncing the Honorable George, persuading the captain of the steam launch, scouring the waterside for volunteers to act as special constables, impressing an extra sailor in the person of Mr. Ledger, who chanced to be on his post-shearing spree. It was a Mr. Stamford persuading, pleading, threatening, promising, objurgating; a perspiring and wildly gesticulating Mr. Stamford; a Mr. Stamford getting the machinery of outraged law into motion with the ut-

most difficulty; a Mr. Stamford with twitching excitable features; a Mr. Stamford talking of justice, of revenge, of honor, of punishment; a Mr. Stamford who declared that ruin, absolute and irrevocable ruin, stared him in the face; a Mr. Stamford whose hypothesis had burst, and who, pregnant with indignation, seemed likely to follow the way of his hypothesis.

Outward bound at last, his pose was triumphant, and when the launch drew along side the *Swallow,* he shook a determined and masterful fist in the direction of the Honorable George, and said, in a voice that cracked with indignation: "You wasn't going to get away from me so easy, young fellow," then fell into a kind of staccato discourse upon morality, praising himself for his devotion to honesty. At the end, for his speech was truncated because, the launch bumping, he fell backwards over a chain, he exclaimed bravely, though seated on the deck and fiery red of face: "You wasn't going to get away from *me.*"

The white clad figure on the schooner's deck looked down, smiling a little because of Mr. Stamford's rude and careless posture, and said, with peculiar blandness: "Indeed, Mr. Stamford, accessibility is one of my virtues." Then he turned to the captain of the *Swallow* and addressed him.

"It is as I feared," he said, "and there are very wearisome matters which call me ashore again. Trivial particularities to explain, I suppose. Disappoint a man whose mind runs to commercial prosperity, and he will assuredly make you wear fantastic chains. They have no imaginative sympathy, these

fellows with the unyielding Roman temperament." Then he addressed the captain more particularly, speaking privately. "I shall be grateful, captain, if you will take the box of money that is in my cabin and divide it among the men. Will you? Ah, thank you. I shall have no need for it, seeing that I am likely to withdraw from the throng for a time and retire, as it were, for contemplation and lonely visions."

He shook hands warmly with the captain and the men, then climbed down into the launch with sailor-like agility, spread a cloak and took his seat in the bows.

"You'll get all the excitement you want now, my man," declared Mr. Stamford, pressing his lips together, and shaking his head in a way that gave him a vindictive look.

"Ah! A swift multiplication of sensations, eh?" said Scott, in great good humor. "You know I rather expect a time of calm repose after all this restless exuberance."

And there was a period of calm repose, for George Scott was tried and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment on a charge of fraud, and, at the end of his term he was re-arrested and taken to Ballarat prison for the Mount Egerton affair.

"Many's the time I seen him there," Ledger told us. "Many's the time, for I 'appened to be in quod myself on a charge of horse stealin', though it wasn't really anything of the kind, inasmuch as I found the nag roamin' about on the edge of town an' started to

Macdonald's place at Wantabadgery where I 'ad a job. When I got out I went to Macdonald's and they put me on as shepherd. If I'd a been crooked, would they 'ave done it?"

Ledger slurred over the matter of the horse, and we respected the delicacy of the evasion and put a question about the prison, whereupon the old fellow unleashed his straining fancy. He owed his release, it transpired, to Scott, who, finding indolence and placid peace passing into ineffable dreariness, fraternized with a prisoner in an adjoining cell. It was a man named Dermoodie, a locksmith by trade, who, having nursed his despair, had not thought to apply his art to effect his release. Under the spell of the unconquerable optimism of Scott, he went to work, a hole was made in the wooden partition between the two cells, the lock was picked and the door was opened. Everything was done late one afternoon and their only anxiety was the shortness of time, for all had to be completed before the seven o'clock inspection. But they worked well, and, by industry and close application, had all done before the jailer went his rounds. On that evening he did not get far, for what seemed to be two phantoms leaped upon him, a muscular hand was clapped over his mouth, then a blow on the head half stunned him. When he came to full possession of his senses he found himself tied hand and foot and gagged, a prisoner in the cell vacated by Scott. Simply and directly then Scott and Dermoodie went about doing things. Four other prisoners were released, Ledger being one of

them, for Scott had taken the jailer's bunch of keys. While the four made a rope of blankets, Scott and Dermoodie discovered the prison storehouse and packed a bag with food. Scott took a fancy to a sword which he found, and kept it.

A dark night favored them. In an angle formed by two walls, Scott stood, legs apart, body well braced, his forehead against the wall. Dermoodie mounted on his shoulders, and Ledger clambered up and stood on Dermoodie. The fourth man, chosen for his lightness, climbed up the human pyramid and got astride the wall, the fifth threw up the improvised rope, which was made fast to the *cheveaux de frise* that bristled along the wall top. The rest was easy, and by midnight the six men were out of town. By chance, they came across a house, the owners of which were absent, so they entered by way of the dining-room window and found a place well enough equipped. They prepared and took a meal, discovered clothes sufficient for their immediate needs, then sat in a back room to discuss ends and aims.

Dermoodie was all for the forming of a gang under the leadership of Scott, but of that Scott would hear nothing. He was all for discarding his associates at once, throwing them over much as a balloonist discards his ballast. When Dermoodie blustered, insisting that there was strength in unity and that they should stick together in self-defence, Scott suddenly grew enraged and smote him across the shoulders with the flat of his sword.

"Scott was a fine man, but it was sometimes a word

"You will please write as I dictate. Ready?"

and a blow with him," said Ledger, and sighed at the memory. Somewhat to assuage his time-blunted grief, he poured out a mug of coffee and sipped slowly before resuming his tale.

"I'll tell you about that there Wantabadgery affair," he said. "I seen it all, an' it's history. It was at Macdonald's place, where I told you I got a job as shepherd."

Now Ledger's version was amusing and vigorous, it is true, but because of his sympathetic appreciation of his hero, it did not altogether square with sober fact. Besides, the old man was somewhat given to needless detail. The facts, easily capable of verification, are much as I have set them down.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of November 15th, 1879, the men of Macdonald's sheep station at Wantabadgery were busy with their various tasks, when six armed men rode up from the Murrumbidgee valley and dismounted. Each man had a led horse, and they were all young fellows, well set up, good riders, men bronzed and of the open air.

No one of any particular authority was about the cook house except Fowler, the manager of the woolshed, who walked up to the leader of the little crowd, supposing them all to be travelers, and, laying a brown hand on the horse's neck, pointing out the impropriety of visitors riding their horses over, and turning them loose on the grass plot in front of the owner's house. The leader, who had not dismounted, leaned over and held out his hand, to shake hands as Fowler

thought, but instead, he took the wrist of the man in a grip of steel and said: "I wish you would be good enough to ring the bell, or blow the whistle, or do whatever is done here to call the men about the place together."

"It's Mr. Macdonald who's boss here," said Fowler, who, feeling the other's grip still unrelaxed, began to have a notion of things wrong.

"Yes. Yes. To be sure," said the rider. "But I'm called Captain Moonlight. George Scott, you know. The fact is that we want horses, and provisions, and all kinds of things. So I think you'd better call your men together."

Then turning to one of the party, a youth not more than twenty, he said, "Nesbit, will you please go with this man, whose company I am sure you will find charming and delightful. Knowing that you are with him will save me from intrusive anxieties. I'll wait here and the rest of you had better keep out of sight."

At that, the man named Nesbit took out his revolver, and Fowler, though no coward, winced a little.

Soon the bell was ringing and men came from here and there, from woolshed, from pens, from dipping corral and from horse pasture where fencing work was going on—nineteen of them in all, with every man wondering at the summons, for the bell was sounded at meal times only, except on special occasions as in the case of fire. As they gathered, the bushrangers came from their hiding places, each with

his revolver. Then there was a kind of herding of the men in the horse corral; nineteen men, tired and sheep dirty, men heavy and slow, men unwarlike and unadventurous, easily managed by six who were alert and ready for contingencies; nineteen men in an uneasy state of anticipation against six with very definite plans. One of the nineteen was Ledger, who had been killing sheep for the cook, so was blood-stained to his elbows, and bore a knife, the only armed man in the crowd.

"Good Lord! It's bushrangers!" he said to the man nearest. "And it's George Scott!" There was an affectation of awe-struck seriousness.

"Well, we're nineteen. Let's rush 'em," suggested the man.

"Not for me," answered Ledger. "I don't want to get 'urt, nor don't you, either. We're safe if we keep quiet."

"But surely you ain't going to . . ." began the other man, seeing Ledger throw up his bloody hands, the butcher knife in plain view.

"I mean I'm goin' to take care of my own hide," answered Ledger. "Lord! If any of them fellows 'ad any suspicion that I was armed, I'd likely drop like a shot."

So Ledger made his way to the front, his hands held high, and presented himself before George Scott, who considered his willing prisoner silently.

"You needn't think there's any of us 'ere who are goin' to make a fuss," said Ledger. "We ain't armed. We ain't got nothin' to gain. 'Ere's my knife. I

been butcherin', and I'm Ledger what was in Ballarat when you got us out."

It was abundantly clear that Scott could count upon Ledger as a sort of go-between, so there were rapid questions.

"If you want to round us up, the 'big' house is the best place *I* think," said Ledger.

"How many are on the sheep station, all told?" asked Scott.

"About thirty, countin' outside shepherds," was the ready answer.

"Hmm! The house will be a bit congested," said Scott, laughing.

Ledger's suggestion was adopted, and the nineteen were marched into the dining-room of the house and two of the bushrangers were put on guard. From Ledger, Scott gained the information that Mr. Macdonald, the owner, was out riding, accompanied by his overseer, and might be expected to return about six that evening. So Scott, with Nesbit, a smiling youth, fair and slight of build, rode away to meet the two men, but a little way from the house the two bushrangers separated by design, so it came about that Scott, alone, met the returning men.

Macdonald had no suspicions, seeing in Scott a well-built man of pleasant address and carriage, in riding costume, such as any wealthy colonial might have worn, apparently on his way to Wantabadgery. Accordingly, he offered hospitality in the manner of the countryside.

"A stranger!" he said, with one of his jolly laughs; he was a big man, well enough contented with the world though he had found it a place of hard battles to be fought. "Come with us down to the house and spend the night. There's a spare bed."

"It's very kind of you," answered Scott, at which the sheep man edged his horse close to Scott's and held out a hand in greeting. Then Macdonald was suddenly startled to see the stranger draw a revolver, and to hear, with almost unbelieving astonishment, the command, "Bail up!"

The overseer, who was a few yards in the rear of Macdonald, involuntarily exclaimed, "What's that?" yet dropped his reins, and his hands went up at once. But Macdonald acted impetuously, and, greatly daring, pressed knees to his horse, and the animal bounded off. Immediately a bullet whistled close, then another, and he became aware of a second armed man in the path, a little way off, so he pulled rein sharply and threw up his hands. Then Nesbit cantered alongside.

"We may as well avoid unpleasant incidents," said Scott. "I am Captain Moonlight, or George Scott. I hope—"

"You are a scoundrel," shouted Macdonald, "and on equal ground I'd beat the life out of ye." His mood quickly passed into one of complete self-control. "I am unarmed so cannot resist," he said. Then he dropped his hands, saying, "I'm going to smoke," and felt for his pipe and matches. His hands were

steady as he lit his pipe, and having done so, "Now let us go," he said, and pressed his horse into a rapid trot, leading the little party.

Scott spurred his horse alongside and began to talk. "I have personally directed every detail of this affair," he began, but Macdonald interrupted him, his forehead corrugated with anger.

"You chattering fool!" he said. "What do you mean by addressing me? Hold your tongue!"

No more was said then and the four rode at a swift, smooth canter until they reached the house, where they were met by two more bushrangers, each with his carbine, and Macdonald and the overseer were marched to the house and put into the dining-room with the other men.

In the late evening a supper was set, for the store house had been looted by the robbers, and the cook, with Ledger helping, was impressed into service. That night, and the next morning, as one or another rode to headquarters from outlying points, or from shepherd houses, they were taken prisoner, so that by Sunday noon there were thirty-five men held. On Sunday morning two of the bushrangers gathered up the horses about the place and drove them off, down the valley, then returned to take away much of the clothing and food that were in the store house.

All day the thirty-five men were held, sitting and lying about in the dining-room in a mood of grumbling endurance, their food served to them at regular intervals, but without any attempt at order. Once a man tried to escape, making a dash when the

door was opened to admit Ledger carrying a tray of food, but the effort almost cost him his life, for a shot grazed his shoulder.

The dullness of the day was broken by one strange incident, when a shepherd from some distant point was held up by one of the bushrangers as he approached the cook-house. On him was found a pistol, so he was taken before Scott. Immediately, a strange notion flashed across the mind of the bushranger. He would have a trial, a real trial, with counsel, and jury, and judge. Thereupon the dining-room was turned into a court room, and the shepherd was placed on trial on a charge of carrying firearms. The jury consisted of two of the sheep station hands with two of the bushrangers, and Scott made a long speech, instructing his jury, cautioning counsel, talking in rounded periods, for the man loved the sound of his own voice. At the end he warned one and all to take the trial seriously, saying that if the prisoner were found guilty, he would be shot. Then Scott took his place on a chair set on the table, and thus elevated above his court, conducted the trial. Luckily for the prisoner, the jury of four decided to acquit him.

A little before midnight of Sunday, Ledger was nudged into wakefulness by one of his fellow prisoners who said, sneeringly, "You may as well tell your friends, the bushrangers, to clear out. Macdonald has escaped and got clean away."

That, upon investigation, Ledger found to be true, whereupon he became deeply meditative for a while, assailed as he was with a swarm of doubts. When he

spoke, it was in a whisper, and to the man who had told him of Macdonald's escape. "I don't see why you call 'em *my* friends," he said. "What I'm doin' is actin' diplomatic for the common good." Then he assured many in the room that though he might seem to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds at one and the same time, his conduct was perfectly proper, and, in the long run, he would seem to have done a necessary and useful piece of business at great risk to himself.

Macdonald was a man of infinite shrewdness, so when he laid his plans to escape, he took no one into his confidence. He simply slipped out when the others slept, went upstairs, watched his opportunity from above, then slid down a rain pipe to the ground. All night he walked, and at dawn came to a shepherd's house where he found a horse tethered out. He did not wake the man, but took the horse, riding bareback with a bit and rein improvised from a rope, and so made the twenty-five miles to Wagga Wagga, where were five mounted police. Ten minutes after his story had been told, the police were on their way to Gundagai, Macdonald with them, to add the force at that place to their body. Then it was a bee line for Wantabadgery, and, as they rode, many followed in their wake; men and lads from houses and sheep stations they passed, though none but the police took part in the fight that ensued on Monday. Indeed, the followers became sightseers, and occupied the ridge overlooking the house, until, according to the news-

paper account, "more than three hundred were on the hill, viewing the battle."

At first the ten mounted police tried a rush in skirmishing order, but they were in the open, and the bushrangers took advantage of the cover afforded by the outhouses, so the police soon adopted safer tactics, firing from cover. Left unguarded, the men who had been held prisoners swarmed out of windows and sought safety on the ridge where were the onlookers.

For three hours there was desultory firing, the bushrangers, who had retreated to the house, firing through the windows. Of a sudden the firing ceased and a great shouting went up from those on the hill. A moment later, the police saw the bushrangers running, firing as they went, evidently making for the corral where some horses stood, ready saddled. The police fired and a bushranger fell, struggled into a kneeling position and fell again. A lively cheering went up as those on the hill saw Scott turn, walk back under fire, then stoop to lift the man who had been hit.

Above the silence that fell, the voice of Constable Bowen, who had fired the shot that dropped the bushranger, was heard. "One!" he shouted. Then his carbine was leveled again, and another bushranger went down, and the three fled to the house. But Scott stood up, put his hands to his mouth trumpet fashion and roared, with long pauses between each word, so that what he shouted was plainly understood.

"Is there a doctor there? Can any of you attend to this man? He's dying and I led the lad into it."

For answer there came another volley from the police, but Scott was not hit. Standing between the two fallen men he lifted his revolver, fired, and Bowen fell. Then, heedless of the firing, he covered the face of one of the fallen men with his handkerchief, stooped, raised the wounded man, got under him and carrying him over his shoulder, made for the house, from which the three bushrangers kept up a straggling fire.

Scott had almost reached the verandah when a shot took him in the arm so that he dropped his burden. At that, a bushranger leaped from a window and ran to the aid of Scott, but there came another burst of firing from the police, and the man flung up his arms, gave a scream, spun round and fell dead, shot through the neck. Meantime, with one arm, Scott managed to pull the man he had been carrying to the verandah.

Quite suddenly, and unanimously, the spectators on the hill became staunch resisters of invasion, pouring down the hill to join the police, three hundred and more of them in angriest uproar, shouting fiercely, some here and there mounted. "Down with the bushrangers!" they yelled. There were other cries of "Shoot 'em!" "Come on!" "Clean them up!" but, as they neared the house, the initial furious haste somewhat slackened.

For at a moment there came a great stillness and a halting when George Scott, with bandaged head and loose hanging left arm, his bared chest heaving in pain, stepped on the verandah and raised his revolver,

then, in a voice that rose above the burst that came from a hundred throats, roared out a defiance.

It was only a vain gesture, for a moment later he pitched his empty weapon away and fell across the verandah rail, exhausted.

"Of course," said Ledger, finishing his tale, "he got strung up. He was hung in Darlinghurst jail, with one of the other fellows whose name was Rogan. Thirty-seven years old was Scott. I seen him in prison two days before he went to the scaffold, and he said to me, says he, 'Ledger, if I'd listened to you . . .'"

But Mackenzie broke in then, saying, "Don't spoil a good yarn by lying, Ledger."

For a liar Ledger certainly was, as I have said, but it would be a pity to discard all of his tales, and that which I have here set down can most certainly be verified.

BERESFORD OF BALLARAT

The Gentleman from Mayfair

BUSHRANGER'S CANTING SONG

My mother she dwelt in Dyot's Isle,
One of the canting crew, sirs;
And if you'd know my father's style,
He was the Lord-knows-who, sirs!
I first held horses in the street,
But being found defaulter,
Turned rumbler's flunkey for my meat,
So was brought up to the halter.

My name, they say, is young Birdlime,
My fingers are fish-hooks, sirs;
And I my reading learnt betime,
From studying pocket-books, sirs;
I have a sweet eye for a plant,
And graceful as I amble,
Fine draw a coat tail sure I can't
So pretty far I ramble.

A night bird oft I'm in the cage,
But my run-chants ne'er fail, sirs;
The dubsman's senses to engage,
While I tip him leg bail, sirs;
There's not for picking to be had
A lad so light and larky,
The cleanest angler on the pad
In daylight or the darkey.

And though I don't work capital,
And do not weigh my weight, sirs,
Who knows but that in time I shall,
For there's no qucering fate, sirs.
If I'm not lagged to Austrai-lee
I may a Newgate show be.
Perhaps a tip-top cracksman be
Or go on the high toby.

BERESFORD OF BALLARAT

IT has been said, and believed, too, by men of childish simplicity, that Beresford of the Ballarat affair was a product of aristocratic Mayfair, in London, and a kind of cultured and leisured man who did absurdly incongruous things such as highway robbery and the holding up of men in banks, not because of his avarice or neediness, but rather to relieve *ennui* and inject energy and interest into a life of indolence.

Now Beresford most certainly did come from that Mayfair which brings to mind lofty sounding names in history and in fiction—Chesterfield for instance, and Becky Sharp, and Lord Beaconsfield—but he led no rich and tedious life there. Quite the contrary, indeed. For Mayfair has its diseased spots, so to speak, its holes and corners, the which Becky Sharp might have known of when the Rawdon exchequer ran low and tradesmen had to be pacified, but of which Lord Chesterfield most certainly was ignorant. There is, indeed, a Mayfair proper and a Mayfair very improper, and from the latter it was that Beresford of

Ballarat came. Nor are there diplomatic relations between the two Mayfairs.

However, in Ballarat, the man was known as Henry Beresford of Mayfair, and afterwards, in well appointed apartments in the neighborhood of Oxford Street, he cut a modified dash as Beresford of Ballarat, so there came about confusion at last, until at Bow Street, before the magistrate, it became possible to reconstruct past history through the testimony of a certain William Jennings, footman, who told the court that to testify against the young man moved him "from the bottom of the 'art," and said that he did so because he believed a life of perfect justice and purity to be the only real life.

So for the reconstruction.

Mr. William Jennings, second footman to Lionel Goss, stood one morning in the area of a house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, frowning upon a lad who had made his difficult way down the stone steps with a large wicker basket of washing. Nor, although Mr. Jennings was the lad's superior in strength, did he raise a helping hand, because of his superior station and social rank. But he somewhat unbent, though incuriously, to ask the lad his name.

" 'Enry," the lad answered.

" 'Enry what?" pursued the footman.

"Garrett," added the boy.

"Sir!" corrected the footman.

"Sir, then," agreed the boy, timidly.

"Anything else? Any other name? Or is it jest

'Enry G?" said the footman, lapsing into solitary enjoyment and with a tinge of facetiousness.

"It's 'Enry Beresford Garrett," said the boy.

"Say 'sir'!" ordered the footman in gloomy dignity.

"Sir."

"Always say 'sir' when you talk to your betters, me boy," warned the footman, then added, as one speaking from strong conviction, "It never does to forget your station in life. Don't try on any intimacy with your superiors. And next time, call me Mister Jennings, d'ye 'ear?"

"All right, sir," said 'Enry, and raised a hand to pull the bell while he held the heavy basket insecurely between raised knee and door jamb.

"Don't go droppin' that basket," warned the footman, and then yawned. His next question was prompted more by idle interest than any deep-seated desire for information. "Where d'ye live, boy?"

"Round the corner," answered the boy with an indicative jerk of the head.

"Sir!" warned the footman, betraying a slight annoyance. "Didn't I tell you to say 'sir'? Didn't I?"

"Round the corner an' under the arch, sir. Griffin Court, sir."

Mr. Jennings advanced the opinion, given with a touch of sarcasm, that no one living in Griffin Court had the right to bear so ancient and honorable a name as Beresford. " 'Enry's all right," he said with judicial solemnity, "and so is Garrett. But not Beresford. There's Beresfords a-living in Cavendish Square and it's incongruous for any one of that name

to be living in them poorer quarters. Take my advice, young shaver, an' drop the name Bercsford."

The housemaid, who opened the door at that moment, heard the last of the footman's speech. She looked happily at Mr. Jennings because of his social graces and knowledge, and Mr. Jennings smiled at the maid, then bade her "let the little beggar with the washin' in."

"It is funny, when you come to think of it," observed the maid later, "how any one who lives down in that Griffin Court 'as the name Bercsford."

"Ah! There's secrets in 'igh society," said the footman darkly and in the manner of one who could reveal much did he so choose. "The place is only a stone's throw away," he added.

While Griffin Court is, topographically, part of Mayfair, it produces plebeian Jims, and Bills, and Joes, and Sallys rather than patrician Bercsfords, so there was a certain justification for the remark of the footman. Certainly it would be possible for any one to throw a stone into Griffin Court from either Half Moon Street or from Curzon Street, but Mr. Jennings would no more have dreamed of walking into the place than an Esquimau would think of walking to Brazil. For to reach the Court from Mayfair proper, or say from Half Moon Street, you turn sharply and to the left into Curzon Street, walk a few steps, then turn to the left again to dive under an archway and so come into a narrow passage known as Sun Court, which is lined with butchers' places, and bakers' and

fishmongers' and a private bar or two where servants of the wealthy gather. Having passed these narrows you come to a wide open space which is Shepherd's Market, a place of merchants and purveyors. Out of that again runs a kind of off-shoot, a narrow place ending in a *cul de sac,* and that is Griffin Court, a kind of cañon all grimy, dark, narrow and dismal. It is a place where ladders are kept, boxes are thrust, unsightly things hidden for the time being, and at the ultimate end of it stands an ancient house which is numbered 6, though there is neither a number 5, nor a number 7. At number 6, up three flights of a dark and worn stairway, 'Enry Beresford Garrett lived. A house it was of slamming doors, of loud voices in frequent altercation, of men and women of many callings, of damaged people and those for whom policemen existed. It was a kind of human hive with a mangle in the cellar, a chair repairer above the mangle, a seamstress above a man who lived in a room behind the chair repairer and who hammered incessantly, a noisy cobbler in another room, and in two rooms the Garretts, eight all told.

As for the objectionable name Beresford, it had its significance, and 'Enry came to bear it because his mother, in her happier maiden days and before she had as much as dreamed of London as an abiding place, had been housemaid at Copthall, which is near Epping, and while there had found time in which to read, the Belts, who owned the place, having no inconsiderable library. So she had saturated herself with Jane Austen, and Walter Scott, and the urbane Win-

throp Mackworth Praed, and, as result, had visions of life and of society. When she bore a son to Garrett the gardener, she insisted upon Beresford as a dignified name. But the Belts fell in fortune, and Copthall was sold, so there was an exodus of retainers; and the Garretts went to London and in time there were five small Garretts besides 'Enry, with a father who, finding no gardening work to do, turned an odd penny now and then by cleaning the pewter pots at the Rising Sun in Shepherd's Market. The odd penny being found absurdly inadequate when family requirements were considered, there had, perforce, to be supplementary earnings, whereupon the former housemaid of Copthall became a washerwoman. Then 'Enry Beresford became a more or less useful citizen, a lad full of premature seriousness and earnestness, who carried linen dirty and laundered, who staggered up the three flights of narrow stairs with clean water, and down them with dirty water, whose duty it became to fold, to iron, to count, to sort, to prepare tubs, to light fires, to carry fuel up and ashes down, to drive close bargains and, sometimes, to aid the family larder with vegetables snatched from the stalls in Sun Court. And knowing nothing of the happy anarchy of childhood, he became a lad wide-eyed and silent, a lad dressed clumsily in ill-adapted clothes bestowed upon him by servants, a lad hollow-cheeked and pale, one strangely given to blushing, to tears, too, when people in kitchens of the great seemed inclined to be kind or sympathetic. Yet, withal, he was an industrious lad and willing,

and one who did things swiftly. That last was well enough recognized by many a house boy in Curzon Street kitchens and sculleries. As, for example, it might well have been the case that Mr. Jennings, standing in the area way on the morning when 'Enry staggered down with the heavy basket, might have impressed him into non-remunerative employment instead of catechizing him. A casual suggestion that brooked no refusal might have been thrown out in this wise: "'Enry, while you're a-waitin' for the dirty linen, jest cut upstairs with this 'ere coal scuttle, there's a good lad." Or there might have been the more imperative, "'Ere, young un, run upstairs an' carry down the ashes and look sharp about it or I'll warm yer ears." Or there might have been the appeal to vanity with: "'Enry, you're a good lad an' your legs is younger than mine. Jest run down to the newspaper shop an' bring up an *Observer* an' let's see 'ow quick you can be." For the lad was well accustomed to be despatched on incidental and, as it were, parenthetical jobs, nor could those thus ordering him by any means know the things of the heart or guess that the willing 'Enry had ulterior motives in his willingness and that the cutting upstairs with the coal scuttle might mean a glimpse of carpeted stairs and the luxury of treading them, of glittering wonders on mirrored mantelpieces, of silken seated chairs, of velvet and marble and bronze and glass. As to the trips to the newspaper dealers, were there not marvels there? Were there not pictures on the walls, books displayed in the windows, other books opened at title

pages, all to be looked at with unstinted admiration and ardent longing?

'Enry was not without his daydreams, and at such glimpses into another world, the soul of him glowed warmly. Not for nothing had the housemaid at Copthall read Jane Austen, and there had been nights on the third floor of number 6, Griffin Court, when 'Enry sat staring straight into the miserable fire in the skimpy, sooty fireplace while he listened to tales of strange doings in Northanger Abbey, and in Mansfield Park, tales of Hampshire gentry, of men and women who seemed to have little to do but to talk, to walk, to sing and to ride. It was his own cherished secret that some day he would find a chink or a cranny somewhere through which he might slip into that other more orderly world, and out of the world of clothes-washing, and linen-carrying, and worn shoes, and endless toil, and little rooms, and crying hungry children, and despondent parents, and chilblained hands, and narrow streets, and pungent odors, and, above all, the never ending expectation of being set hither and yon by any one who chose to order him.

That was the boy, and the prison house about him narrowed as the years increased. He grew up in a world that seemed to have no place for him, a world that seemed to resent his very existence, granting him grudgingly the wherewithal to live. In many capacities he served, but always on the edge of things, always where every one else ordered him, always where he was obviously subordinate. He rolled beer barrels, shouldered sacks of coal, carried things, sold news-

papers, swept out the Sunday dirt from churches, held horses, cleaned stables, ran errands, was bottle washer in a blacking factory, picked up scraps of paper in the parks, once saw the country as hop picker, filled oil lamps at Cremorne, washed coaches, did anything and everything that offered. But never was he able to gain any measure of permanence, nor, toil as he might, was he able to gain any but the dullest of tasks and jobs rejected by other men. A casual hand he was called, and casual hands are human weeds on the grim highway of life.

One day came clear intention. It was when Garrett was working in a barge building yard near Blackwall. There came a report that one Alf Pringle had become possessed of wealth. From across the rolling sea he had come, from far Australia, and there were those in Blackwall who remembered him when "'e 'adn't a penny to call 'is own" and delighted to tell it as though the recollection redounded to their credit. Soon Garrett and the casual hands in the yard beheld the man of vast wealth, who had seen fantastic places, who had gained gold, and for whom life would henceforth hold neither intricacies nor perplexities.

Wonderful were the tales that Mr. Pringle told in the beerhouse bar room, tales of sudden wealth easily obtained, of gold to be had for the picking up, of a place where every man had his horse and where food and shelter were to be had for the asking, of a land of pleasure and of wastefulness where Jack was as good as his master. There were tangible evidences, too, of the truth of what Mr. Pringle said, for never did he

invite those in the bar room to drink except he took from his pocket a fistful of money. Once, it was said, he put a pound note between two slices of bread and ate it, hearing which, Henry B. Garrett was thrilled and haunted.

"There's no cark nor care for money there," said Mr. Pringle once, in the hearing of the casual hand. "Why, you, me boy, could pick up a shovel and a pick, could go out in the morning and come back at night if you had any luck, a rich man. You could, or you, or any one." As he spoke he indicated this one and that at random, and one of those at whom he pointed was Henry Beresford himself. So that night Henry trudged home to Griffin Court with heart on fire. "No cark nor care for money there." That rang in his ears. A land where was no struggle for food! A land where a man had a chance! Australia! There was music in the very word.

"I've read about the place," said his mother. She had become a snake-locked old woman, one resigned to her temple of despair; a bony body huddled in rags, with hands that were like claws, and eyes that looked out of cavernous hollows.

"I'll send gold home," he assured her. "Then you can get out of all this. There'll come a day when you can buy things and get up and leave. I see you a-settin' in that cottage you tell about with roses and all that."

Indeed, Henry saw much, all things being possible to the interior vision. He saw himself reëntering

London in triumph, bearing gold, a man full of ease and contentment.

2

When the companionship of men carries with it a fear of cruelty and of coarseness, solitude becomes easily bearable; so, in Australia, Henry Beresford Garrett had wide choice of jobs, lonely jobs which other men passed with averted looks. There was one connected with a hotel, a job where a man had to watch a horse pasture three miles out of town. It was the first occupation which Henry found, and, it seemed to him, a most amazing calling in which there was apparently little else to do than to live in a twelve by fourteen foot shanty, and water a few horses every morning and evening. In such a capacity, it seemed that a man might drift down to eternity with no friction at all. At first there was a dread, a haunting dread of unwarranted and unexpected dismissal, "of getting the sack" as he put it to himself, but that fear presently vanished. His security seemed the more wonderful, because, in return for his slight services, he was awarded what seemed to be extravagant rates of pay, and was able to send money to Griffin Court.

Presently there was another job, this time at McRae's sheep station, somewhere in the hills between Ballarat and Geelong. It did not matter where, very much, for all places were but names to the man from London. Somewhere over the hills in such a direc-

tion was Melbourne, and farther still was Dalgety. Baek over the mountains somewhere else was Wagga Wagga and from an opposite quarter men eame from Kingstone. Everywhere, it seemed, there were wonders, exeept in his immediate vieinity, where the world was always provokingly dull. Men who eame to the station spoke of gold, of emus, of kangaroos, of bushrangers, and, wonderfully enough, some of them addressed their tales to him, at which token of esteem his heart leaped within him. Onee a man of great renown and prestige, one named Boulton, of whose doings wonderful stories were told, stories of horsemanship and travel and daring deeds, sat up almost all one night speaking freely of the Bendigo diggings, and the diseovery of a pieee of gold that weighed a hundred and six pounds. "Big as a leg of mutton," deelared Boulton, "and found by a shepherd, mind you. And in six weeks he drank hisself to death."

At that Beresford was dazzled and bewildered, almost as if the glittering lump hung before his eyes, and all the next day he ehafed at the self-imposed delay in the pursuit of his fortunes. He reealled Pringle and thereupon went about in an atmosphere heavy with disapproval, believing himself to be lax in seizing opportunity. He had uneomfortable memories of Griffin Court and a vivid remembranee of sun-baked streets and heavy burdens, and at that his very fidelity to his employer seemed to be traitorousness to himself. He saw himself as one whose adventurous soul had beeome atrophied by ease. Then

there were high resolves, and that night, after supper, he honorably "gave notice" to McRae.

There were disparagements new to Henry Beresford then, disparagements and prophecies of immeasurable disaster, as Mr. McRae turned a gloomy eye on him.

"We treat you fellows too well," said the sheep farmer testily. "No sooner do ye get the wrinkles out of your bellies than ye're off somewheres else. In the old country such as you'd be glad enough of a crust and a piece of braxie mutton. Ye can get to hell an' gone out o' the place this nicht an' see to it that ye don't be comin' this way agin, whinin' an' beggin'."

The young man left, filled with a strange idea that in some inexplicable way he had been both ungrateful and treacherous.

About that time in Griffin Court there had been a change. For Mrs. Garrett had received the third instalment of Australian money, the which Henry had to spare from his earnings as keeper of the horse pasture. But too wise a woman was she to spread the tidings of a rich son in the antipodes. She was jealous rather than inclusive, one avoiding cliques and coteries upstairs and downstairs, keeping a diplomatic bridle on her tongue in the family circle, doing all things with meager economy, and continuing to eat her bread in silence and solitude as one fed by the ravens. Still, in her heart was the hope of a fuller life, in her soul was the dream of adventure, in her

mind was the memory of a narrow lane which led down a hillside and onward until it came to a white cottage that stood under blossom powdered trees. One day, with a hundred and fifty pounds carefully guarded, there was a glorious shopping excursion, and, hours afterwards, in the dusk, Mrs. Garrett, transformed into a neat, little, modestly dressed old lady, walked out of Griffin Court for ever, having shaken off family responsibility like a worn out cloak. She was like a sensible hen, which, having become suddenly conscious of uncongenial details connected with brood-raising satisfactorily mastered, gives itself a shake or two, ruffles its feathers and marches off, leaving the new generation to scratch for itself.

Mrs. Garrett, in her cottage near Epping, became very happy indeed, a silvery-haired, soft-voiced woman among carefully escorted flowers. Copthall youths, and maidens, and old men, and such as were in their prime, courted her nod and her smile as they passed the cottage, for it was bruited about that she had means, and fragrant happy memories.

3

Henry Beresford suffered none of that interior misery predicted by Mr. McRae. On the contrary there was in him an extraordinary feeling of relief and of freedom. It seemed to the young man that, for the first time in his life, he really belonged to himself. A masterless world was open to him and the time had come for him to step into it. Very lux-

uriously he put himself into order, bathing in the little river, dressing anew from top to toe in the clothes he had bought, and, as he did so, by almost imperceptible graduation a very adequate self arose within him, a self that was by no means to be gainsaid by Tom, Dick or Harry. There was an added touch of distinction in the leather leggings which he bought as an after-thought and to which he added a pair of brass spurs. Then he entered into the little town of Bathurst by stage coach and put up at the Blackthorn Hotel.

It chanced that business was dull and the proprietor, Mr. Bishop, was in conversational mood. Moreover, he wanted to know things. When Henry Beresford mentioned in off-hand manner that he had once lived in Mayfair, and spoke of Curzon Street and of Half Moon Street, and of Park Lane, the hotel man heard with awestruck seriousness. For Mr. Bishop was from London too, though his activities had been confined to the butcher's cleaver. The names of the streets that Beresford mentioned rang sweetly in his ears and his manner insensibly became fraught with that respect due to one belonging to the "upper classes." Later, when Mr. Beresford drew on his imagination and his memory, telling of scenes from Northanger Abbey and describing the Hampshire people of Jane Austen as contemporaries, the hotel man looked up from his darkest stratum, as it were, to regard his young guest as one favored of fortune, seeing which, Beresford of Mayfair easily furthered the amiable fiction with enormous success. So there

grew an inference that an adventurer of fashionable society had chosen Redhurst for major operations.

"I know 'ow it is with you young fellers who get remittances, I do," said Mr. Bishop. Then he lowered his voice and spoke from behind a raised hand. "If there's credit wanted at any time—" He eked out with nods and winks. "I don't mean any offence. You know." He grew pensive then, and whistled softly.

"A Beresford always pays as he goes," said Henry of Mayfair. "Thank you all the same. The Ready Money Beresfords, we are called, in our country place."

The hotel keeper nodded his head many times to express understanding, but he sighed with relief at what his guest said next.

"There are reasons, Mr. Bishop." He smiled as if reminiscently. "I may as well say that I have been, well, a little wild, and my people expect me to make good. Get down to bed rock and all that. I'll buy a light outfit and start at the bottom."

"Gold diggin'?" queried Mr. Bishop.

"Why not?" countered Henry.

"Not even a 'orse? You ain't goin' to tackle it on foot? I know where a good 'orse can be picked up for a song."

At that Henry Beresford spoke allusively of horses at home and also of Rotten Row, and in light scorn of Australian steeds, whereas Mr. Bishop felt that somehow he had embarrassed his high born guest.

But from that night, in Redhurst, Beresford of Mayfair was accepted.

As for the young man, there were mental processes at work in his mind. Why had he been always tame and passive, and afraid, especially afraid of he knew not what? Then a thought came that brought him sitting up in bed and staring straight into the dark. "Of course," he told himself, "I see it now. I've been like a plant climbing a stick. Hanging on. That's it. Hanging on. And now the plant's strong enough to do without the stick." He expanded the thought into a theory later and tried it out in public, telling the boy who worked in the general store, where he purchased his outfit, that all men had to learn to stand alone.

"I never thought of that," said the boy, then flung aside theory and asked in what he could be of service.

Recalled from philosophy to business, Henry Beresford bought many things and had them put into bundles and packages, light and easy to carry or handle—rice, salt, sugar, tea, beans, candles, flour, soap, nails, matches, a pick, a shovel, a hammer, a light crowbar, some rope, a little tent and a couple of blankets, with a few other items—paying cash for everything and leaving his purse almost depleted. Then, like any eccentric Englishman of vast estate, he carried all to his room in the Blackthorn and spent much time packing, tying, folding and compressing. Once he tried the experiment of hanging everything about him with the idea of taking all in a single trip, but it speedily became manifest that no living man

could walk under the load, and he recalled that Three Rivers, his objective point, was more than fifty miles away.

All told, it took him sixteen days, going and coming, to transport his possessions, what with ordinary difficulties, and other complications growing out of false information that he had received as to the best way to get to his objective point. It was a journey down hill and up hill, across gorges, around chasms, often through places thickly scattered with great limestone rocks, or over miles of shriveled grass and sand. But there was a song in his heart and he was full of cheer.

Henry Beresford found no gold, and Fortune repaid him not for his enterprise and his spirit. Weeks passed and the store of provisions grew daily less. The truth is that he was not always diligent and there were hours when he was content to revel in the blue purity of the sky, or, sitting on a box outside his tent, enjoy watching the shaded valley verdant with grasses, or arrange and re-arrange his effects, making congratulatory remarks to himself on the general splendor of it all, feeling grandly independent and aloof. Soon it became manifest that something had to be done and evenings were spent in the formulation of vague plans. Then, when the Christmas of 1854 was eleven days away, he had visitors one morning and before many hours he was visualizing new possibilities with extraordinary vividness.

One of the visitors was Boulton whom he had seen

at McRae's, and with him was a gloomy-mannered man named Marriott, the third being a certain Tom Quinn, a square, gray, grim kind of fellow, by occupation a stone mason. For a time there were generalities, one and the other telling of hardship and ill-luck encountered, and then they talked of poverty and of riches, and that provoked a discussion. Soon it became a fixed idea among them that the many were poor and that the poor constituted the cream of the human race, the victims of bankers and of banks and of monied interests.

"It's all a game of bluff," said Marriott. "The banks bluff the people, and the people are too honest and fair and square to bluff the banks."

"Some of 'em do," argued Boulton. "Tell the average man to bluff a banker and he'd have a fit. *I* know. Yet there've been men who made bankers walk a chalk line," and he went on to recite the names of bushrangers, Paddy Curran, Jacky Jacky the gentleman, James Barry; all spirited men, it seemed, before whose presence black coated men crawled and cringed. Hearing all that, Henry Beresford sat wide-eyed and interested. Then came other stories of men in high places found unworthy of the trust imposed upon them, of bankers who were bank wreckers, of usurping men.

"The only difference is that the banker bluffs without threatening death," said Quinn. "Threaten death, and you're up against the law. I'd bluff all right, but not with a loaded gun. Catch me at that. Not for Joe."

"Suppose you'd do the job with a gun what wasn't loaded, eh?" queried Boulton, looking at the stone mason quizzically.

"It's the only way I would," said Quinn stoutly. "In a way it'd only be fair play. Put it this way. You'd be brave then because you'd be afraid, but you'd be kind of fighting your own fear to do what you wanted to do, wouldn't you?"

The subtleties of that Boulton was a little slow to grasp, and, for a while, they were in a labyrinth of disputation. After supper, as they sat about the fire, Beresford, whose mind had been playing with the idea of bank robbing, suddenly became full of descriptive enthusiasm and let his imagination run riot, picturing to his hearers a kind of theoretieal raid with the four of them doing wonderful things with unloaded pistols. He did not take it seriously in his heart but was rather playing a game with himself, changing this detail and that as weak places were laid bare by his listening crities. Suddenly there came over him the uncomfortable feeling that the three men were accepting things in earnest, regarding him as a potential leader in a most promising enterprise and at that he was full of a kind of awe at the monster he had evoked from nothingness.

He ceased to talk and immediately the blundering Boulton fell into a pæan of praise for what he considered a deliberate plan, "and if any man here backs out," he said with heavy thoroughness, "I'll deal with *him*. Here we got on our side education and we got blood. Here's Beresford of Mayfair, who, they

tell me down at Redhurst, is a kind of a lord in his way, and we're going to stick to him. What more does any man want?"

Beresford then was perplexed and suddenly became ardently restrictive. "I don't say, of course, that it ought to be done as I've said—" he began, but was interrupted by Quinn.

"Say no more, lad. Say no more. You've got the point," he said, full of admiration, and resting a hand on Beresford's shoulder. "Be you lord or be you no lord, you've got the point. With unloaded pistols we bluff, all right, but we takes the risk what the other fellow thinks he's takin'. It's what I call doing things right."

With dumb wonder Beresford heard all that, and, turning things over in his mind, wondered much to find his fiction changed into potential fact, and while he smiled feebly as he heard his praises sung, the heart of him was full of vehement protest. So as the others talked resolutely, he sat silent, struggling with strange difficulties and heavily occupied with the idea of backing out of the adventure to which he seemed committed, if—and there was the rub—if retreat might be accomplished with personal safety, which appeared just then highly improbable. But even his silence was interpreted as evidence of utter absorption in daring plans. That he well knew, and deeply regretted, and his impotence appalled him.

"You ain't saying much," observed Quinn, nodding his head at Beresford who was regarding the ashes with gloomy attention.

"Your men of 'igh intelligence don't chatter," observed Boulton, and frowned the rest into silence. Beresford heard, and, hearing, marvelled at the astounding multiplication of difficulties.

At night, while the others slept, Beresford imagined strange tortures for himself, saw himself a victim to the dreams he had evoked, most desperately and painfully wounded by either one party or another. He saw himself with his head smashed, saw himself going about the world legless and on crutches, saw himself writhing in agony on the bank floor shot through the stomach, saw himself in full flight from the tent only to be dropped by a shot in the back fired by his own associates. Then he had an inspiration. If it was not possible to escape from his associates so strangely thrust upon him, and if the attempt on the bank actually took place and could not be postponed, and if he was forced to be a participant in the adventure, and if he got to the very verge of things alive, then, at the last moment by some tragic gesture he would throw himself on the protection of the proposed victims. He would give the game away and surrender to the enemy, swiftly declaring himself. At any rate, everything failing, he would seem to hunt with the hounds while running with the hares and so order his movements that his actions could be subsequently satisfactorily explained. Norfolk island, and chains, and stone cells must be avoided. As a matter of expediency, the safest course would be to act briskly with his associates. Nevertheless he cursed

himself for his vision and imagination, and doubly cursed himself because that imagination had failed him at the last, and to work out a plan for his personal safety seemed to require an effort too great for him. In short, he felt that he had conjured up for himself an insoluble problem.

The raid on the Bank of Victoria, in Ballarat, was conducted on original lines, and the original proposition to use unloaded pistols was strictly adhered to, Beresford supporting the fanatic Quinn from ulterior motives, and, indeed, planning all with an eye to his own safety. Quinn was to stand in the street, Marriott was to wait outside the bank, and Beresford and Boulton were to enter the building, but Beresford alone would approach the cashier.

"Give me your blue blood for cool pluck," said Boulton admiringly, and Beresford smiled modestly. But at the back of his head he was self-congratulatory. "That way I get a chance," he said to himself. "If only the fellow in the bank is quick to catch on, *I'm* safe, and that's all I care about. No bushranging game for me."

Everything fell out splendidly. The time chosen for the attack was after the mail coach had left, so the street was quiet. A man or two and a group of playing children were in sight, and, as Beresford and Boulton walked into the bank, everything seemed easy and correct. The bank cashier, a sallow-skinned young man, was behind the counter and a youth sat at a little table, writing accounts.

"Good morning," said the cashier, pleasantly.

"Morning," saluted Beresford, in return, but very huskily, and his inner man whispered, "It's getting to the disagreeable point."

Beresford walked up to the counter and pulled himself together. The cashier smiled, and he smiled in return, but very feebly, for a certain abjectness seemed to have invaded his whole being.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the cashier, and Beresford became afflicted with a little, troublesome cough. He opened his mouth, but could find no words. His mind was in a whirl. Then the call to confession came with a rush. At least, it was what he meant for confession, but to the listening Boulton it seemed most daring boldness. For Beresford said, though with a kind of wonder at himself, a wonder that was almost incredulity, "There's a bushranger at the door and there are two more outside."

The cashier stared, rather foolishly, and looked past the pale and distracted Beresford to see Boulton pointing a pistol in his direction, but of that Beresford saw nothing.

"It's arranged that you are to bail up. See?" Beresford stopped there, looked dubiously at his victim and laid his pistol on the counter, tapping it with his finger in an endeavor to signify its harmlessness. But the cashier stared, terror-stricken. "The silly lunatic," thought Beresford. So, in a final and desperate effort to accomplish his purpose, he snapped the harmless trigger. The click unnerved the cashier almost as if a cannon had been fired.

Beresford looked dubiously at his victim and laid his pistol on the counter

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated. "Bushrangers!" and became absurd in his nervousness, throwing up his hands and panting for breath.

Beresford, struggling with the strangeness of things, was sorely tempted to shout at the man not to be a fool, but he became conscious of Boulton in his immediate vicinity and his mood became one of gloomy persuasiveness in his miserable perplexity.

"I advise you—I really think you had better—" he began, but the cashier interrupted him.

"Don't shoot! For God's sake don't shoot!" he cried. "The boy will give you what you want," he said, over and over again, his head indicative of the lad at the table. When the boy seemed slow, the cashier went white with fear and urged him. For Beresford, there were sickening moments as both Quinn and Marriott became voluble in the doorway, for he knew that his cause was hopeless and knew that his mood of propitiation was taken for grim determination.

The end of it was that fourteen thousand and three hundred pounds were taken, in notes, sovereigns and silver, and while the lad was stuffing the booty in a sack the cashier called the attention of the pacifist outlaws to some three hundred and fifty ounces of gold dust which they seemed likely to overlook. The omission was remedied speedily. Then Messrs. Buckley and Marshall of the bank were tied hand and foot, and the four robbers walked out of town, unmolested and unsuspected.

"Give me your 'igh born aristocracy for coolness,"

said Boulton that night, in the Beresford tent. "Cool as a cucumber he was, believe me, and being unmasked there wasn't no suspicion when he walked in. 'There's a bushranger at the door,' says he. Just like that. 'Two more of 'em is outside,' says he, he says, and the cashier bailed up."

So there were congratulations and the money was shared, with two-fifths voted to Beresford because of his superior offices, and the man of Mayfair felt that to enlighten his companions further would merely complicate matters and would most certainly inconvenience himself, so he lapsed into gloomy thoughts and denounced himself as an inglorious fool, and by his suggestion the four of them parted company that night, each going his own way.

Beresford's way took him to the Blackthorn Hotel at Redhurst, for the new problem of wealth had brought with it new perplexities, and police were abroad, with black trackers, lithe natives with an uncanny power of following a trail. For him, then, there would be no blind blundering into folly and frivolity, but, instead, the courting of a bare simplicity. Because of that, he presented himself before Mr. Bishop, clothed in fluttering rags and carrying a clattering bundle of mining tools, apparently a young man serenely indifferent to circumstances. He found the hotel man perspicacious and sympathetic, and rather anxious to dwell upon the fact that he had prophesied some such unhappy outcome of the gold digging experiment.

"I'm broke," Beresford announced, cheerfully. It was well, he thought, to establish proper relations at the beginning.

"Of course you are. Of course you are," said Mr. Bishop joyfully. "Didn't I tell you you would be? Didn't I now? Wasn't I standing right here when I said it?" The hotel man could not have displayed more joy had Beresford arrived wearing a shining crown and proclaimed by silver trumpets.

Beresford relieved himself of his burden, Mr. Bishop helping fussily. The imagination of the Blackthorn's proprietor was of the pictorial sort and he visualized his guest as one who would suddenly cast off his rags to appear transformed and resplendent, a person of importance. He saw before him something like the beggar prince of the fairy tale, who, at a proper moment, would enter into possession of splendid mansions on delectable mountains. Outwardly, therefore, he was solicitous—inwardly full of self-congratulation in that he was one who could read the scroll of Fate.

"Never yet has the Blackthorn turned down a man," he declared, blowing out his cheeks. "My motto is like the old song,

> " 'Give me your 'and,
> I'll take it like a brother.
> We'll be friends as we used to be
> In days gone by.'

You can 'ave your old room. It 'appens to be empty." Then followed many hospitable expressions.

"I'll take it," said Beresford, nonchalantly. "I expect remittances soon. Say in a week or two. Let's see. It's February the fourteenth now. Well, I ought to be hearin' from the old country about the first of March."

"Remittance or no remittance, I know a man when I clap eyes on one, I do," declared Mr. Bishop, and seemed almost irritated when the young man assured him that financial relief was as sure and as certain as the sunrise.

In his room, Beresford congratulated himself on having planned well, though his self-congratulation was tempered with a humility as he reflected upon the manner in which fortune had been thrust upon him, "like the measles or the whooping cough" he told himself. However, his share of the loot was safely buried, while he was accepted as one to whom wealth would come in due time, as a remittance man. The next morning he invented an uncle in Hampshire who pined for his presence, lifting him boldly from Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice,* and Mr. Bishop drew a mental picture, as he listened, of his guest entering ancestral halls between rows of bowing domestics, humility triumphant, the prodigal reformed. Telling the tale, Beresford grew proud of himself as a diplomatic and secretive kind of fellow, and, so that no contradictions might be implied, he worked about the hotel as one beguiling time until the distressed should be comforted. It was in the capacity of handy man that he served the police who passed through Redhurst in a search for the bank robbers, but there was a

moment of terrible nervousness for him when, in the course of his duties, he had to carry food to the two black trackers who were lodged for the night in an out house. Greatly he feared their miraculous powers, and, seeing them look at him, was in abject fear. However, at the end, the police officer complimented Mr. Bishop upon the diligence of his helper, for, having announced his intention to make an early start, he found horses saddled and groomed before the rose light of dawn had left the sky.

"You are the fellow we want," said the officer, clapping a hand on Beresford's shoulder, to that young man's dismay. "If the police had fellows like you, we'd soon clear them bank robbers up, we would." Beresford gave a sigh and murmured something about the impossibility of disengaging himself from other activities. "Well, remember we're on the lookout for bright men all the time," added the officer, as he mounted his horse, and the amateur ostler assured him that he would bear the matter in mind; but for the rest of the day he went about his work in a kind of tragic solemnity.

When March came he disinterred his hidden booty, paid his bills with sovereigns of the realm, went to Melbourne in company with Mr. Bishop who had business there, and finding the *Dawstone* ready to sail, took passage in the good ship for London.

In all England there was no man crowned with failure who took a more light-hearted view of life than Beresford of Ballarat, when he found the cottage at

Copthall and sat in the sun-bright, flower-filled little garden. There was one evening, the evening of the day on which he bought the cottage, when, sprawled on the grass, he listened to the old mother who was nestled in a great chair, as she told about the uneventful lives of Miss Austen's Hampshire folk, for she had been saturating herself with *Pride and Prejudice* again. The rector, an expansive kind of man with florid cheeks, who chanced to pass the cottage, admired the comfort of the couple and stopped long enough to make the acquaintance of the trim young colonial. Later, the good man pronounced him to be a charming and delightful young fellow. "To be sure his speech is a *lee-tle* incongruous, perhaps," he told his wife that night, "but then we must remember the surrounding circumstances that have been his, my dear. Such honest fellows are the oddities of life, so to speak, and we must meet them with delicate tact. By the way, I may say that he made quite a nice contribution to the fund for the destitute poor."

Nor was Beresford of Ballarat any less lighthearted when he found himself in London, and living in a suite of rooms off Oxford Street. Every day there came to him an attendant who did little things, cleaning, cooking, odd jobs. Not that Beresford required, or even thought of having, a man servant, for within him was a desire to avoid complications and intricacies and any elaborate organization of his life, nor was there any self-consciousness about him, nor dependence upon excitement. Again, he did not

altogether approve of the fellow. For one thing his face was too leaden gray, for another his eyes were too close together, and there was a certain vulpine expression about him that jarred. But things seemed to have fallen out in a certain way and Beresford had faced circumstances.

He had been accosted by the man one day as he stood on Waterloo Bridge, and the fellow, who looked shabby and hungry, had fallen to bewailing his ill-luck, saying that undeserved poverty had made of him a broken-hearted man. There was a great deal of it, and, at the end, the man had offered to work for any wage, or even none, and hinted darkly at the river as a means of ending unhappiness if his plea was fruitless. Beresford, always large with sympathy, led the shabby man to an eating-house in the Strand, where, while he ate, he continued his tale of woe, revealing that he had known high estate in some capacity or other, mentioning Mayfair, which gave Beresford quite a shock, and then he advanced the opinion that no man in all England realized the duty incumbent upon broken men of keeping their place and proper station in life, more acutely than he. At last Beresford put the question, "What is your name?"

"William Jennings, sir," came the answer, very humbly.

"Jennings? Jennings? William Jennings? Isn't it the footman who used to be up at Lionel Goss's place?" asked Bereford, surprised into a kind of delight at finding some one he had remotely known.

"I'm sure about it. I'm sure I remember. I knew it at once," and took the shabby man's hand and wrung it warmly.

"Oh, you mustn't shake my 'and, sir. Reely you mustn't," said Mr. Jennings, blinking and malign. "I knows my station afore my superiors, sir." There was immense deference in his attitude, a pretension to humility that was almost tragic, and, in the end, Beresford was conquered.

Thus a valet came to be installed in the household and Mr. Jennings was brisk and efficient. He pointed out to his employer that it was the duty of a man of wealth to be a *viveur,* to be moderately elaborate in his pleasures, and that London was an inexhaustible quarry. Sometimes he persuaded Beresford to go forth on adventure, leading him indeed to the "Howlers," a place half pot-house, half club; or at other times to Wylde's, to Mott's, to Cremorne, but Beresford's tastes were simple and the sight of waste and riot vexed him, so little came of all that.

It was the awful mystery of Mr. Beresford's wealth that occupied the footman's horizon, and soon, by dint of shrewd questioning and keen observation, he made himself acquainted with much concerning his employer's affairs. One day, when Beresford was out walking, William Jennings spent a morning in diligent and most fruitful research, coming upon a hidden store of gold, and notes, and a scrawled thing of a hotel bill, done in lead pencil, which revealed the fact that one known as Beresford of Mayfair had not only worked as ostler so that a certain sum was due

him, but had also paid what balance he owed, and the combination of hotel guest and ostler struck William Jennings as being peculiar. Then a light broke upon the footman and he neither shirked nor slurred his job. What of convertible wealth he had found he appropriated and conveyed to a room in Marylebone, which being done, he walked to Bow Street and there discovered that a reward was offered for the apprehension of one named Beresford, sometime of Ballarat, Australia, who had been accused by a certain Mr. Quinn, under arrest and seeking clemency, of being the leader of a gang of robbers guilty of robbing the bank of Victoria. Mr. William Jennings, full of zeal to shame falsehood, yearning for that perfect veracity that breaks up false relations and establishes the true, then sought out a certain Detective Webb of Australia and there were whispering and planning, much subdued conversation, and, in the end, the detective praised the fine frankness and high sense of honor in William Jennings.

That evening, Henry Beresford sat him down in his room, full of content and pleasant anticipation, eager to address himself to his book. It was a dark room, because of the heavy curtains, and there were shadows in the far corners which the flickering light of the two wax candles seemed to make darker and more mysterious. Indeed, when he had read *The Castle of Otranto* he had been fascinated and disquieted at the duskiness of the room beyond the circle of light. Because of that, he had arranged to read

aloud to the prosaic Jennings. But that gentleman seemed to have missed his appointment. So Beresford sat him down, drew forth his *Ancient Mariner* and was soon lost to the world about him, sharing the piteous plight of the sailor wanderer, standing with him knee to knee with dreadful spectres, overwhelmed by his own surging emotions.

"God have mercy!" he said to himself, and, for very fear, hardly dared to turn the rustling page. And, suddenly, a heavy hand was on his shoulder. He turned, in leaping fear, to behold his man, the soft footed William Jennings.

"Good Heavens! You gave me a start, Jennings, coming in like that," he said.

"You'll 'ave a worse start afore you're through, 'Enry Garrett," said Jennings, and made a gesture towards the door.

"What do you mean?" asked Beresford, and followed the gesture, to see Detective Webb.

Thus was Beresford of Ballarat delivered into the hands of the law by the footman of Curzon Street, who duly testified before the magistrate at Bow Street, as has been said, and in testifying voiced his grief at the imperfection of human life and character.

So there was another sea voyage for Beresford, and, in company with Detective Webb, he landed in Melbourne one day in August of the year 1855, and commenced ten years of wretchedness.

NED KELLY & CO.

The Gentlemen of the Strathbogie

"Sae rantingly, sae wantonly.
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring, and danced it round
Beneath the gallows tree."

—From an Old Ballad.

NED KELLY & CO.

THE Australian town of Jerelderie had its excitement in February of the year 1879, when the gentlemen of the Strathbogie swept down from the mountains and jolted its sober citizens out of monotonous ways.

Of that affair much has been said by those who have some sympathy with the warrior's whirl of joy, as well as by those aspiring to realms of rectitude and pure passion for perfection. When men in mining camps tell of it, or when sailors in foc's'ls give their versions, there is apt to be pleasant embroidery in an attempt to evoke visions of armed men dashing about on spirited horses while laughing defiance at well-mounted police. Or there are pictures of stockades stormed, of attacks well and boldly met, of skirmishes in the obscurity of the night, of large-hearted outlaws relieving distress and comforting the sorrowing, of bands of soldiers with bugles and banners. For sailors and camp-men are not without a fellow feeling for those who revel in danger and opposition, and their tales often teem with assumption. Because of that, Jerelderie has been magnified into

the semblance of a brave city set on a hill, and the attackers of the place have been made to appear as mighty men in armour who rode down from their mountain fastness filled with keen desire to set crooked things straight and loftily scorning things cruel and base. Nor does it avail for sophisticated juniors to question the authority of jolly old liars, for where men live a windy open-air life, your ancient tale-teller is as one absolute and clothed with authority, a maker of heroes and a builder of altars, and the iconoclast is apt to be cast out of companionship and suppressed, not only as a disturber but as an impudent jackanapes.

Still, there is such a thing as the multiplying of both numerator and denominator with the same number whereby nothing is gained but vexation, and in the case of the Kelly gang all the fanciful additions of armour and secret caves, of cannon and silk caparisoned horses avail nothing, for the bare fact remains that they were men fond of adventure and temptations and thrilling experiences, keen to conquer and perhaps not very much different from those robber knights of the middle ages who laid the foundation of states that exist to-day. As for Jerelderie, it was not even a town, but rather a collection of houses such as may be seen in any newly settled country, the kind of place through which important trains dash with derisive hoot, and at which less important trains stop with apparent reluctance. Indeed, not more than three hundred people lived in Jerelderie, though others traded there, coming from the widely

scattered sheep farms. It owned a bank, a school, a telegraph office and a post office as well as a police station and a lock-up. It also had four churches and four saloons, and a two storied building, quite pretentious, known as Davidson's Hotel, besides other hostelries. An easy-going town it was, with a few general stores about which hung an air of carelessness, a town in which the houses seemed to have been built in haste by inept builders, a town in which tied horses stood in the street for hours, a town in which indolent men leaned against walls to gossip, especially to gossip about the doings of the truculent gentlemen of the Strathbogie who aimed at personal freedom but disregarded boundaries, stepping over the line where the freedom of other people began. For there were propertied people in Jerelderie, and when they spoke of the Kellys, they dealt harshly with their names, much as the people of the Tuscan country did but yesterday with the names of Stoppa and Tiburzi. Those without property were more inclined to equanimity, or if they were harsh in judgment at times, their harshness was mingled with admiration, because the Kellys were known to have perpetrated heroic jokes.

There was the joke that they had played on one named Newman, for instance. It pleased many, Newman being a horse dealer none too scrupulous in his methods, being suspected of brand faking, of turning L's into E's, changing C's into O's and V's into X's. And he was a man given now to bullying and swaggering, at other times to cringing, according as he seemed to deal with those he considered as his

inferiors, or those from whom advantages might be gained.

One day, Mr. Newman and four men were driving a troop of horses across country with a view to taking them to market, and the beasts were of many brands and breeds. Arrived at a silent and deserted place where many long and steep ridges ran parallel, there suddenly came to them, riding like the wind, three men, stoutly built, dressed well enough in rough shirts and riding breeches, though their clothes were torn and frayed as if they had been passing through scrub land. The meeting happened near noon and close by a small stream, so that there was a fraternizing and the whole party of eight sat down to eat and to rest, the horses being left to graze, which they did readily enough, having been driven far that morning.

One of the three men seemed to be in minor authority and told Mr. Newman that they were troopers, though not uniformed, and that their business was to scour the country for outlaws and evil doers, at which whatever private fears had haunted the horse trader were speedily allayed. The meal finished, they fell to card playing, or rather seven of them did, for the eighth, one of the party of three, said that he cared nothing for cards, and, being a good-natured fellow, mounted his horse and rode slowly up the hill for the purpose of watching the grazing horses, of which there were forty or more, the saddle horses of the seven card players being with them.

When the game was ended and it became necessary

to prepare for the trail again, the self-styled troopers rose to the occasion and said that they would turn the horses down into the valley after catching their own steeds, for the animals had wandered to a little distance, though not so far that they were out of sight. Indeed, it seemed that the horses had got a little out of hand, and that the man watching them was trying to turn them. So the two climbed the hill, while the men in Newman's camp got together their camping things. No sooner had they gained the hilltop, as Mr. Newman saw, than they leaped into their saddles at a bound, spread like expert horsemen, and soon had the whole troop in rapid motion, but not down the hill as they had promised, and by the time that the horse dealer and his men gained the hilltop, the three false troopers with all the horses were far away and topping the crest of the farther ridge. Nor did Mr. Newman ever set eyes on his horses again, and when at Jerelderie he learned that the men were no troopers at all, but instead were Ned Kelly and his brother Dan, with another whose name was Byrne, he was a very discontented man and looked with vast disfavor on the whole world.

The Jerelderie affair, which took place a little later, had more the appearance of rioting in an exuberance of wantonness than rough humor, and it began at the heart of law and order, so to speak, that is, at the police station. At midnight of February 8th, 1879, a man with a certain quick eagerness about him knocked at the door of the office where Con-

stables Devine and Richards were, the first on watch, the other sleeping, and the door being opened, he ran in and told the officers that there was trouble at the Hotel, expressing his conviction that there might be murder if there was any delay.

"Step outside," said the man, "and you'll hear the racket for yourself."

The officers did as they were told and were confronted by a man pointing a revolver, who announced himself to be Ned Kelly and said that he would take possession of the police station. Then the policemen were locked up in the cells and the bushrangers made themselves comfortable, dressing in the police uniforms and putting their horses in the stables. Amazing as it seems, all the following day, which was Sunday, the bushrangers used the police station, were seen by citizens, and walked the streets as uniformed patrol men without any suspicion being aroused. The wife of the policeman Devine knew of the affair but had been sworn to secrecy and kept her promise, although she had to leave the station to prepare the court house for the religious services which were held there by a visiting priest, the Catholic church being in course of erection.

Because of a strong vein of sentimentality in the make up of the Strathbogie gentlemen, no operations were attempted on the Sunday, but during the day a fourth companion rode into the town, Dan Kelly's bosom friend, Steve Hart the Wild Boy, and then the quartette considered itself a match for three hundred citizens. So Constable Richards was whisked into the

plan, for Ned Kelly, with an eye to etiquette, insisted upon proper introductions; therefore with the policeman and his brother Dan he walked to the Royal Hotel. Seeing three men in uniform, spick and span, the manner of Mr. Cox, the proprietor, was packed with heartiness. He was in shirt sleeves and white apron, behind his bar, and the background was pleasant with the glitter of bottles and glasses and mirrors.

Constable Richards cleared his throat with difficulty. At first he found no words, but the reminding elbow of Ned Kelly delivered him from his bewilderment. "Shake hands with Mr. Ned Kelly and Mr. Dan Kelly, Mr. Cox," he said, adding in manner pathetic, "the Kellys of Strathbogie. Bushrangers by calling."

Being a hotel man old and seasoned, Mr. Cox displayed less emotion than might have been expected. He gasped a little, coughed a little, smiled a little fleeting smile, and decided to be noncommital. "Ah. Quite so. Quite so," he said. Then, "What will you have to drink, gentlemen?" He placed four glasses, in nervous haste and became hospitable. "The drinks are on the house," he announced.

There was something that was almost like amiable ease in Ned Kelly's remark. The matter calling him there, he explained, was of extreme importance. "To be plain, we are here to stick up the bank," he said. "I want a large room, and a smaller one on the ground floor, for there will be several prisoners to take care of. You'll consider them as hotel guests at my expense." All that he said fluently and as a speech

carefully rehearsed. Then he bade his brother Dan "Go ahead."

Dan took up the parable, staccato. "You run your game as usual. If you've got any flunkeys about the place likely to squeal, march 'em in here. Sharp. See? You stand good for 'em. You. Understand?"

Mr. Cox thought that there was a kind of brutal realism in the way in which Dan Kelly displayed his revolver to emphasize the last word, but he nodded "yes," struck dumb by the unruffled confidence of the outlaws, and then fell into place as one who considered argument to be waste both of time and energy. He poured out glasses of whisky, and while they drank, became explanatory in a sociable way, talking of his own life and hardships, of his desire for quiet and of his repugnance at violence, but Ned Kelly cut him short by ordering him to gather all the guests in the large room, strongly hinting that his brother Dan had spoken truth and that if there was any hitch, the results would, indeed, be unexpected and novel. What he ordered done was done quickly. Hart mounted guard at the back door, while Dan Kelly, in policeman's uniform, sat on the hotel steps, and throughout what followed, such citizens as entered the bar seeking cheer having been duly served, were conducted to the improvised guard-house and held prisoner, and whether they came singly, or by twos, or by little batches made no difference, nor did any news of what was going on leak into the street.

On Ned Kelly's part there was efficient expendi-

ture of executive energy. He had not planned his coup without taking in the salient features. With things going well at the Royal Hotel, he saw to it that the telegraph wires were cut on both sides of the town, after which, going to the telegraph office, he ordered the operator to write a notice announcing that service would be suspended while repair work was going on. That being done, the paper was tacked to the door. The operator was then ordered to present himself at the Royal Hotel and warned against holding conversation with any citizen on the way, so he went off, glad and grateful to discover such easy terms.

Kelly and Byrne went to the bank, where they found two accountants, both with revolvers handy, but who were so extraordinarily disconcerted that they not only surrendered without protest, but also delivered the bank manager into the hands of the outlaws. The three men of finance were on the point of being marched out of the bank when a couple of customers of the bank appeared, so the cashier was ordered to receive the deposits while the manager and the accountant were held in a rear room, and, the transaction at the counter having been completed, Ned Kelly added the bank patrons to his haul, and the five men, silent though much distressed, were marched to the hotel. Later, the outlaws talked frankly and unaffectedly with their prisoners, telling them that the loot from the bank amounted to three thousand pounds, which was considerably less than they had expected.

Why the bushrangers held the town until Wednesday noon is by no means clear. Perhaps Ned Kelly had dramatic tastes. Perhaps it was a sheer piece of bravado, partly due to the love of adventure, partly to prove that what the outlaws Hall and Gilbert had done in the case of the holdup of the town of Canowindra in the year 1863, they also could do in the year 1879. Perhaps again Kelly had some notion that through his prisoners he might somehow set himself before a censorious world in a better light, if a measure of sentimentality was added to rascality. The last seems highly probable, because, to the prisoners assembled in the hotel, after causing drink to be served to one and all, he made a long and rambling speech, a discourse apparently calculated somewhat to justify his conduct on several occasions, and especially in the matter of the shooting of a policeman some time before. There were sentimentalities and so on. Nor was Kelly free from that vanity and egotistic delight of the common criminal, for he went on, with tragic solemnity, to tell of other deeds, half-apologetically at first, but, warming to his subject, falling into a kind of morbid self-esteem. He had done this, that, and the other, he declared. He had stolen two hundred and eighty horses at one time from Whitby's station and sold them at Baumgarten's; he had sold stolen horses in the open market at Melbourne, Ballarat and Geelong; at the races at Sydney he rode a stolen mare and finished first at the winning post; twenty-five troopers and five black trackers he once led a merry dance over the

hills, and two nights he had camped with them while acting as guide in pursuit of himself; again, quite as a side issue, after a busy day of horse stealing and selling, he had held up the bank at Euroa and taken two thousand pounds in gold coin, thirty-one ounces of melted gold, five bags of cartridges and all the arms that had been sent out from the Melbourne office for the bank's protection. There was much more of it, and Jack Sheppard in his suit of Genoese velvet or Haram Pasha, the gipsy robber, with his hat adorned with gold and jewels to the value of four thousand guilders, was no more full of vanity than Ned Kelly making his speech in the improvised prison and picturing himself as a kind of ravening tiger. Later in the day he handed to the local newspaper man a manuscript which he said was his autobiography, and complained that he had suffered from misrepresentation. Those who read the document pronounced it childish; still, it is unfortunate that the agent of public enlightenment either destroyed or carelessly lost it.

A curious feature of the affair is that during the occupancy of the town by the Kelly gang, no individual was robbed, no one was ill-treated, no house was looted. When complaint was made that the irrepressible Hart had taken a gold watch and chain from one of the prisoners, a clergyman named Gribble, Ned Kelly fell into a state of sentimental indignation, became filled with beautiful emotions. "What right has a thing like you to rob a clergyman?" he demanded, then dramatically ordered that

the watch be returned to its owner, and Hart collapsed visibly under his leader's frown. There was another explosion when it was known that Hart had taken a saddle and bridle from a store. Again the booty had to be returned. According to the Kelly notion, robbery done on personal initiative was a wholly detestable thing.

Nor were the prisoners in the hotel allowed to suffer in any way, except by unpleasantly long confinement, for meals were served to them at regular intervals, the outlaws sitting at table with their captives, and, at the end of the amazing affair, the bill was ordered to be presented and was paid.

For the bulk of the townspeople it must have been inexpressibly diverting, that arrest of the local notabilities, with Tom, Dick, and Harry going about their businesses and catching sight, now and then, of the dolorous figures through the hotel window. It all seemed more like a huge practical joke than anything else, and doubtless there was a great deal of decently repressed merriment on the part of the outsiders. But of reprisals on the part of those whose liberties had not been invaded, there were none. Those who were of the town endured with patience that was almost equanimity; those from the country counted it as none of their affair, remaining strictly neutral, as if it were both honorable and chivalrous to do so. There was the wisdom of remembered experience in the attitude, for Jerelderie was separated by a hundred and fifty miles from the bushrangers' stronghold at Strathbogie and revenge for interference might

mean the laying waste of many a mile of pasture land, and dry grass and matches had entailed tragic and awful circumstances many times before.

All went very well for the invaders, and the bushrangers enjoyed the pride of dominance until four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon when the occupation ended. In front of the hotel, surrounded by a crowd, pleasing a popular fancy because of his openness, Byrne packed the money taken from the bank into his saddle bags, threw the burden on a horse belonging to the police, mounted his own mare and rode off, driving the pack-horse ahead. Dan Kelly and Steve Hart, men of restless exuberance, caused a little whirl of excitement and injected novelty into the affair by clattering up and down the street on their horses, circling and wheeling, spurring into full gallop, then pulling up suddenly, shouting and laughing and all that kind of thing by way of dazzling and delighting the citizens, but Ned Kelly was more sober, perhaps subtle in his dramatic performance. His air was one of a kind of reposeful absorption in business. After releasing his prisoners, who seem to have accepted liberty in a spiritless and timid way, he mounted his favorite gray mare and rode out of town soberly, like any decent citizen conscious of well-doing, but, in consequence of an afterthought, returned to take a fine horse belonging to the patrol, which he had overlooked.

Twenty-five miles out of town he rode up to the house of a Mr. Mackie, a sheep-farmer, and dismounted. Sitting on the veranda, his host opposite,

he told the tale of the astonishing affair, though unquestioned and unasked, and his manner was that of one pleased with his imaginative daring and the success of his astonishing plan. According to the sheep-farmer, there was about the outlaw something of the air of one who courageously shoulders inevitable burdens.

2

As Robert Bruce at Bannockburn sprang forward with blazing eyes to accept the challenge of that English noble in the shining armor, so Ned Kelly in vigorous and adventurous mood leaped to the firing line when he learned that the news had been telegraphed to Melbourne that his gang was once more active and that those in authority would take vigorous steps. Immediately Kelly was all for unflinching combat. Violence for violence should be the slogan. If the governing party wanted fight, then fighting it would be, with the gentlemen of the Strathbogie against all Australia. The Kelly gang had always known the delight of triumph and success, and why should it expect failure in this case? So there were great preparations and, as it transpired afterwards, some who were near the place where the outlaws lay hid, heard strange hammerings and metallic clangor.

That was in June of the year 1880, and the new activity of the Kelly gang that had galvanized authority into action was the shooting by bushranger Byrne of one named Sherritt, who was suspected of

complicity with the police and endeavoring to find the hiding place of the gang, to gain the reward of eight thousand pounds offered after the Jerelderie affair.

One morning, the section men at work on the railroad that ran through the settlement of Glenrowan from Melbourne heard the clatter of riders coming down the Sydney highway, and a few minutes later there came, trotting rapidly, four men. They drew rein close to where the men worked, and dismounted. There was no attempt at concealment, there were no trivialities or mincing of matters, for the riders at once announced themselves as the two Kellys and their friends, then stood as those who expected to be envied and admired. They gave the section men to understand that it was their intention to live their lives upon their own terms and said that they were there to try conclusions once and for all with the police, who were even then on their way to Glenrowan in a special train. All this the foreman heard, then gave an order to his men by way of dismissing the matter and announcing his neutrality, but Dan Kelly clasped him by the wrist and taking up the tale said that all kinds of notabilities would be on the train, "officers, fellows with collars, and big wigs," was the way he put it. He added that it was reported that an Armstrong twelve-pounder, a veritable cannon, was on its way, so, clearly, history was in the making. Feeling the grip on his wrist and noting growing unfriendliness in the eyes of the outlaws, the foreman listened with a forced tolerance and gave no further orders to his men.

Instead, Ned Kelly assumed temporary command. Perhaps like Cortez, he captured others by his sheer daring. Perhaps there was in his presence that admiration blended with awe that men call fear. Or perhaps he terrified with threats or abuse. At any rate, when he ordered the section men to draw the spikes and lift a couple of rails, they obeyed. Next, the ties were taken up and cast aside into a ditch to prevent emergency repairs by the train crew, then the loose rails were lashed to the track. After that there were confused and complex happenings; the cutting of telegraph lines; the chopping down of poles; the gathering and herding of the whole population of the village of Glenrowan, including the constable, the station agent, the section hands, and, for good measure, a few strangers who chanced to be there. These were marched across to, and housed in, the Glenrowan Inn, a long low rambling building that stood at a little distance from the road.

No sooner had all that been done than the whistle of the train was heard, but not the noise of a derailment, for that disaster was averted by the timely action of a school teacher who had escaped the round-up and fled down the track, waving a scarf by way of a danger signal. So the troopers detrained and approached the Inn, but no sooner were they in sight than a spirited firing commenced from the building and a couple of men were hit. For a short time there was confusion in the attacking party, but that died down when it was found that the wounded were idle spectators who had expected to get their excite-

ment vicariously but, instead, found that their presence involved responsibility.

The officer said terse and vivid things regarding non-combatants, then placed his men under cover of a grove of trees, from which they opened up a steady fire. Through the light wooden walls the bullets went like needles going through cambric, and the noise of the firing drowned the screams of the women and children held prisoner. Soon every gun was silenced when there appeared a strange figure as of an extraordinary giant, a thing square-shouldered and cylindrical, a huge metal bulk with a grotesque covering for the head. Out of the slit that looked like a frightful mouth came a weird roaring that presently resolved into words: "I'm Ned Kelly. Shoot and be damned. You can't touch me." There were also lurid expletives.

That the apparition was an ironclad man did not at first dawn on the troopers, but as soon as the fact was realized, there was concentrated firing, though to no apparent effect. The bullets rang on breastplate and headpiece, to fall harmlessly, and the figure stood defiant for full three minutes, then returned slowly into the house. At two other windows the troopers saw similar armed figures. One man, a crack shot, aimed full at the headpiece of one of the ironclad figures, but the bullet ricocheted and splintered the casement. Suddenly the troopers came to realize that because of the armored outlaws, their attack was being directed against the civilian prisoners. That deplorable state of affairs became manifest when Mrs.

Jones, who owned the Inn, ran onto the veranda crying and gesticulating wildly. The firing, which had become scattered, ceased, and the troopers heard themselves denounced by the frantic women as murderers. After a furious burst of anger, she declared that her son had been shot and killed and her daughter wounded, and that there were others in the house dying and dead, then, with a harrowing cry, she fled into the Inn.

Because of that there was a truce, the wounded and dead were carried out and placed at some distance from the house, and the troopers advanced and bore them off for medical aid. Not until the gray of early night were the citizens allowed to leave the Inn. Then all being clear, hot firing recommenced on both sides and lasted throughout the night. Now and then the troopers saw dark, dimly discerned objects moving about on the veranda, the which they guessed to be ironclad men, and once one of the strange figures advanced, walking heavily, to the middle of the road, where it became a death-spitting thing, itself impervious to bullets.

All night the battle held, and just before dawn the attacking party was reënforced by troopers from Benalla, Wangaratta and Beechworth. A large crowd of onlookers too had gathered, news of the strange affair having spread swiftly; it had indeed been cabled from Melbourne over the world, so that men going about their businesses in London and in Paris talked of it while it was in progress, and it was a dominant topic in a thousand early newspapers. At

Westminster, members of parliament spoke of Ned Kelly in the same breath as of Charles Bradlaugh who was fighting for his right to take his seat without making oath; in Paris the Australian bushranger ran neck and neck with Rochefort as subject for discussion; in New York men discussed the ironclad robber one minute and O'Kelley the robber political boss of Manhattan the next; and in Russia, worried officials forgot the dead empress and the threatening nihilists for a moment, to gasp at the Australian news of armored outlaws, clad in hammered out plowshares.

It seemed to be a kind of checkmate, until, in the chilly light of early morning, there was a whirl of anxious excitement when the ironclad Ned Kelly was seen advancing from a clump of trees, revolver in hand, firing as he walked, apparently undeterred by the furious shooting of the troopers. Moreover, a hot volley came from the windows.

"Shoot at his legs!" shouted some one in the crowd of on-lookers. At that two carbines spit fire and there was wild yelling as Ned Kelly staggered, recovered, and went down at a third shot. Then guns spoke everywhere, from the line of troopers and from the Inn, and there was a massed running to capture the wounded man, who emptied his revolver as he lay, though because of the agony of his wounds and his position, the shots went wild. Soon, black-bearded Kelly was in the hands of his enemies, safely lodged in the railway station.

But all that day the three bushrangers kept up their hopeless fight, all day and far into the afternoon, with

the vastly augmented crowd potentially mischievous but undecided. About four o'clock, when a kind of fierce desperation had taken possession of the leader of the troopers, he leaped at a suggestion made by one of his men.

"The house is a heap of dry stuff," said Constable Charles Johnson. "Let us fire it and burn 'em out like rats."

That idea spread, and there were many glad to help, running about, gathering straw and combustible stuff, tying it so as to make a great bundle that was at once shield and offensive weapon, the aimless element in the crowd lost in a kind of blood lust.

The plan was a tremendous success, and a mighty shout went up when the walking strawstack, strangest of antagonists, marched on the house like some yellow hispid giant. Meanwhile the troopers had encircled the Inn, from which there was brisk firing at the advancing monster. The strawstack carried by Johnson reached the house, finding the end wall at which there was least danger because of its being scantily windowed. For a moment or two there seemed to be hesitation, then the yellow heap raised itself a little as though trying to peep in at the upper window, lowered a little, hesitated again, leaned against the weather boards, and a shrieking howl came from two hundred throats as Johnson became visible, wriggling out backwards; became a crouching form doing something, then fled speedily towards the dark shadows of the nearest trees.

With a roar the fire leaped up the straw, wrapping

Then a twisting and turning, wrestling and roaring, fiery serpent raised its head to the skies

the house in a sudden flash of flame that swiftly died as the hairy bark caught here and there to live again in darting flashes, that found a way through broken window and cranny to reappear, as inner walls became like fuel in a furnace, and the outline of the house stood black. Then a twisting and twining, wreathing and roaring fiery serpent raised its head to the skies, spouting forth a stupendous swaying cloud of black green smoke, and soon the front of the house was a mouth of flame, a cavern of intensest redness, a strange whirl of terrible brightness.

One man in the crowd caught a sight of the bar room. He was looking through a pair of field glasses and saw a miniature picture with a thousand glittering lights as a wall fell and the bottles stood revealed. Into the glare he saw a man leap, a black figure that flung arms aloft. A trooper saw that too, sharp and black in a lake of flame, and his carbine spoke. At the same instant the ceiling fell, and immediately another wall, and some beheld, in a flash, two other hideous and tortured phantoms that dropped, to writhe in agony unspeakable. Then came the green black smoke that hid all.

Thus, grotesquely horrible, ended the careers of the last of the bushrangers. Ned Kelly, being partially recovered from his wounds, was tried, found guilty of murder and hanged in the Melbourne jail on November 11th, 1880. But not always does vice call forth indignation. Between the time of his sentence and his death, mass meetings were held in many towns, some of them attended by tens of thousands, and reso-

lutions were passed to the effect that the Kelly case was a proper one for the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy. And, with the passage of time, there has been most pleasant embroidery, so that Ned Kelly, in some quarters, bids fair to enjoy the worship and cast the spell of a legendary hero, standing equal in fame with Rob Roy, and Gilderroy, and Pizarro, and Gil Blas de Santillane. The nation without its gallant rogues is poor indeed.

ANDREW LANG

The Man Who Marooned Me

Cease, Man, to mourn, to weep, to wail;
Enjoy thy shining hour of sun;
We dance along Death's icy brink,
But is the dance less full of fun?

—*The Kasidah.*

ANDREW LANG

1

THERE was a time when talk, down in Patagonia, ran largely on Andrew Lang. Not Lang, the gentle essayist and scholar, whose writings reveal absolute integrity of heart, but another Lang, a soft-voiced, smooth-spoken Lang; a Lang who was a favorite with the ladies in Bahia Blanca; a Lang who somehow left rougher men disgusted and miserably uncomfortable. It was a Lang who could act with great propriety on occasion, and yet say hurtful things and cutting, and quite gratuitously insult better men in such a way that he escaped the punishment that he seemed to merit. He was a very personable figure of a man, a highly civilized and modern gentleman, one who might have shone in polite society among perfumed tango dancers, or matinée actors, or any of that tribe sycophantic that smiles and smiles, and burns incense where advantage seems possible to be had.

Yet, while Lang's operations were crooked, and his field was extended, from Bahia Blanca to Punta Arenas and up the west coast to Ancud, it never

seemed possible to put the finger of certitude upon him so as to say, with condemnatory assurance, "Lang, of this you were guilty." Nevertheless, some called him bushranger and some called him thief, according to the language of the place from which they came, from Australia or from the Falkland Islands; but none called him friend. For all that, he was not refused hospitality when he rode down to this shepherd's house or that, for in Patagonia no man turns another from his door, though sometimes the encounters had startling results.

Even Jock of Arran, shepherd thin and wiry, who had mused long and deep in his Highland dourness, Jock who lived in a shanty by Laguna Blanca, failed to turn Lang away, to his sorrow. At the time, Jock, his day's riding being finished and his horse on the soga in the vega for the night, was pacing back and forth before his shanty playing "Flowers o' the Forest" on his bag-pipes, and so was not aware of Lang's approach until the rider was almost at the corral. The rider drew rein to pass a word or so, flung the corner of his blue cloth poncho over his right shoulder, displaying the bright scarlet lining, and then made a cigarette deftly.

Jock took in the man at a glance, the lofty indifference of him, his corded riding breeches, his spurred boots, his yellow leather belt, his broad-brimmed hat set on his head at a slight angle, and opened his mouth to say something which he left unsaid.

"I was sair ta'en wi' the fincry o' the mac na veitch," explained Jock, long afterwards. "Gin I

opened my mouth to speak a word he was off his horse and had the pipes under his oxter an' was skirlin' like a good ane. An' he had the Gaelic, too, fine."

For Lang was an adept with the bag-pipes as he was with the violin, and Jock's defences broke down when the wild music filled the hills, strathspey following reel, Lang's fingers dancing merrily over the chanter holes, and the fluttering gay ribbons whipping prettily about the drones. Jock watered Lang's horse, then ransacked his grub box and made supper, and they feasted well on fried mutton and bread and Danish butter and black coffee; after which Lang produced a bottle of three star Martell, at which Jock's last wall of separation went down. So Lang told tales of life in Australia, and Jock became characteristically engrossed, asking quick, eager questions. Later at night Lang produced five dice and taught Jock the fascinating game called Chicago, playing for matches, and luck so favored the shepherd that in a very short while a little heap of sticks, representing gains, lay at Jock's elbow.

"If," observed Lang presently, as he leaned back to send a thin thread of cigarette smoke straight upwards, "we had been playing for money, say for centavos, with each match a cent, you would have won a month's wages."

By way of answer Jock observed that he had always been lucky in things in general and went on to advance instances to prove his statement. Then he said that he had been saving his earnings to the end that some day he might go to Montana, though what

Lang had told him had caused him to look upon Australia as a land of fairer promise. As he spoke he threw again, casting three aces and two sixes, while Lang, on his part, had nothing but a scattered record; so Jock, who had bet heavily in matches in the ardor of the play, won a considerable stake. Yet while he was pleased with his success, that pleasure was tempered by the reflection that he had but won that which after all belonged to him, and he made remark to that effect. For answer, Lang gallantly said that he was not one of those who thought money to be all important, and lightly expressed a wish that the play had been for gold so that Jock might, because of his favoring fortune, be nearer his expected goal. "If you care to play a round or two for money—" said Lang, when he was interrupted by Jock, who had a flash of worldly wisdom.

"Gin we start at the first," answered Jock, "countin' all these," and he indicated the heap of matches representing his gain. He nodded his head several times and frowned, as one who issued a challenge.

Lang laughed and praised Jock's forethought, but said that the proposition was not unfair, seeing that Jock was the host, and, the matches being counted, it was discovered that Lang had already lost a considerable amount in pecos Argentine, the which Jock translated into English money and discovered to be eight pounds and some odd shillings. Thereupon both men drank brandy, and Lang, the spirit of true sport uppermost in him, set upon the table gold and

silver, taking it from a well-filled bag. Again they threw, and again Lang took money from his bag. Then Jock grew both wise and resolute and went into the little bed room, returning with a black cash box which contained money of many nationalities, gold coins both Chilean and Argentine, American five dollar gold pieces, gramme coins from San Sebastian, English sovereigns, and silver coins, too. In the box he placed his winnings, leaving on the table a small amount. Then, as he clicked the box shut, he said that he had determined that, being a certain amount ahead, he would stay so.

Andrew Lang leaned back in his chair and sighed a little. "I think," he said, very quietly, speaking with precision, "that it makes things more interesting if no narrow limit is put upon possible winnings." He took from his belt then a silver plated Smith and Wesson revolver and laid it on the table, not at all ostentatiously but playfully. "It is your turn to throw, Jock," he added, somewhat commandingly.

From that moment Fortune deserted Jock, perhaps because of the superior skill of his opponent, perhaps because he was somewhat disconcerted by the sight of the revolver that glittered in the candle light, for firearms were an abomination to him. From whatever cause, he played, and played, and played, with no sustaining upward movement to cheer him, until he had not only lost his gains, but, in an effort to recover, lost also the money in the black box and the black box itself, as well as his race horse and his gear, a new silver mounted bit, a huanaco

capa and a bull hide lazo; nor, at midnight, had he anything of value left with which to continue the play.

But Lang generously restored to him the black tin box, though not the money, then consoled him with words, saying that all had been done in fair play, and that no animosity should rest between them because of the caprices of fortune; after which he rode away in the moonlight, But sad as was the experience for Jock, he was not alone in it, for many others had similar tales to tell.

Take the miserable business at St. Julian again. A dirty piece of work, no doubt, but yet all things seem to combine to make what happened appear perfectly natural, almost inevitable indeed. There was the boliche, a desperate enough kind of grog shop about which potential trouble generally hung like a threatening cloud, for in such a place, given a couple of drink-maddened gauchos, all murder-primed by the beastly concoction of equal parts of alcohol and water to which a little burned sugar has been added, you have the possibility of trouble in the flash of an eye. But things were quiet, sad quiet, melancholy quiet on the December day when Lang rode up to the place, for it was shearing time and men were busy on the estancias, Sunday excepted when they were too tired to booze. So Lang hailed Sweeney the proprietor, who shuffled out in his alpargatas, a shock-headed figure, his red eyes blinking at the light. Sweeney, be it said, was an Englishman, a most per-

nicious rascal who had had his schooling and whose boyhood days were spent in Windermere, but he had descended into hell that he might rise again with gold —into a hell of debauchery, and of vice, and of sensuality.

The Sweeney boliche was called the Shepherd's Rest, and it was one of those places where, by reason of the vileness of the induced trade, it became necessary at times for the proprietor to fortify himself, as it were. That is to say, if the would-be drinker seemed to be of a kind in whom the brute is aroused by the poison swallowed, he was not admitted into the bar room. Instead, doors were closed, and he was served through a little barred aperture so long as money was forthcoming or he could stand on his feet to drink, but, his means being exhausted or his drinking capacity met, he was persuaded to leave, often at the revolver's point. Nor was all the precaution unnecessary, for otherwise the dispensing sinner might be awarded the wages that he merited, knowing the evil of death with pain.

So when Andrew Lang dismounted, his first words were those of warning, for, at the foot of the Gran Bajo, he said, he had passed two gauchos, each with a tropilla of fine horses, and both were certainly headed that way. Lang and Sweeney having passed into the house, the latter barred the doors, both front and rear, and the two sat and waited, smoking and talking the while.

One gaucho arrived some ten minutes before the other, but both rode like the wind, both turned

tropillas of sleek-skinned horses into the vega, both dropped from their horses lightly as a bird flutters to the ground, both greedily smoked cigarettes when approaching the boliche.

Thus far all was regular, proper, and as expected. The gauchos sat apart, drank a copa or two of aguardiente, talked a little. What was not regular was the work of Lang, who had stepped outside of the rear door and fraternized with the men, for soon the phlegmatic gauchos were phlegmatic no longer, but rather inclined to quarrel about so small and unimportant a matter as how many black rocks should be seen in the pass below Cabeza del Mar before it was safe to cross. Speaking in a kind of self-deprecatory way, Lang said that for his part he did not dare to make the attempt until the tide had fallen so low that six rocks might be counted. A man's courage and his horsemanship, he thought, might be measured by the chances he took, but he was of a timid race. For his part, time permitting, and neither gaucho nor gentleman was ever pressed for time, a ride of twenty miles around Cabeza del Mar was more pleasant than an attempt to cross the pass with the tide running out strongly.

Hearing that, the light of conscious superiority shone in the eyes of Jesus Gonzales, and there was a note of triumphant modesty in his declaration that he had always ventured down the barranca when three rocks showed. At that, Santiago of the black beard, who was squatted on the ground, looked closely at a hole at the ankle of his potro boot, looked at a black

speck in the sky that was a wheeling condor, looked at a tree across the vega over Gonzales' head as if Gonzales were invisible, and then said that while it clearly behooved a gringo caballero to be cautious, any gaucho of course should cross when the first black tip appeared above the water. He himself had driven a menada across with the water no lower. His voice dropped, and he seemed to be holding communion with a blue-tinted stone which he had pried from the soft earth with the point of his knife, as he said in an undertone, half whispered, that there were men from the north who called themselves gauchos, who required a bridge or a ship before they dared to cross a pass, so fearful of water were they. At that, Gonzales, though he made as if he had not heard, took his facon and stabbed it deep into the palenque by which he stood, wrenched it out again and raucously sang a couple of lines from the song which begins, "Many men have I seen die."

It was at that point that Lang did most irregular things, the circumstances considered, for, saying that only men of blow-broth bluster feared drink, and that he respected the man who could master his bottle, he went to the little barred aperture and brought forth three fat-bellied blue bottles, full of fiery drink—at least two of them certainly were—so that each gaucho had his bottle.

There were drinking and laborious discourse about the pass below Cabeza del Mar, one gaucho listening with insult in his eyes while another talked, with Lang now and then interjecting a word that seemed to fan

the anger flames, and at last the two men came down to particularities.

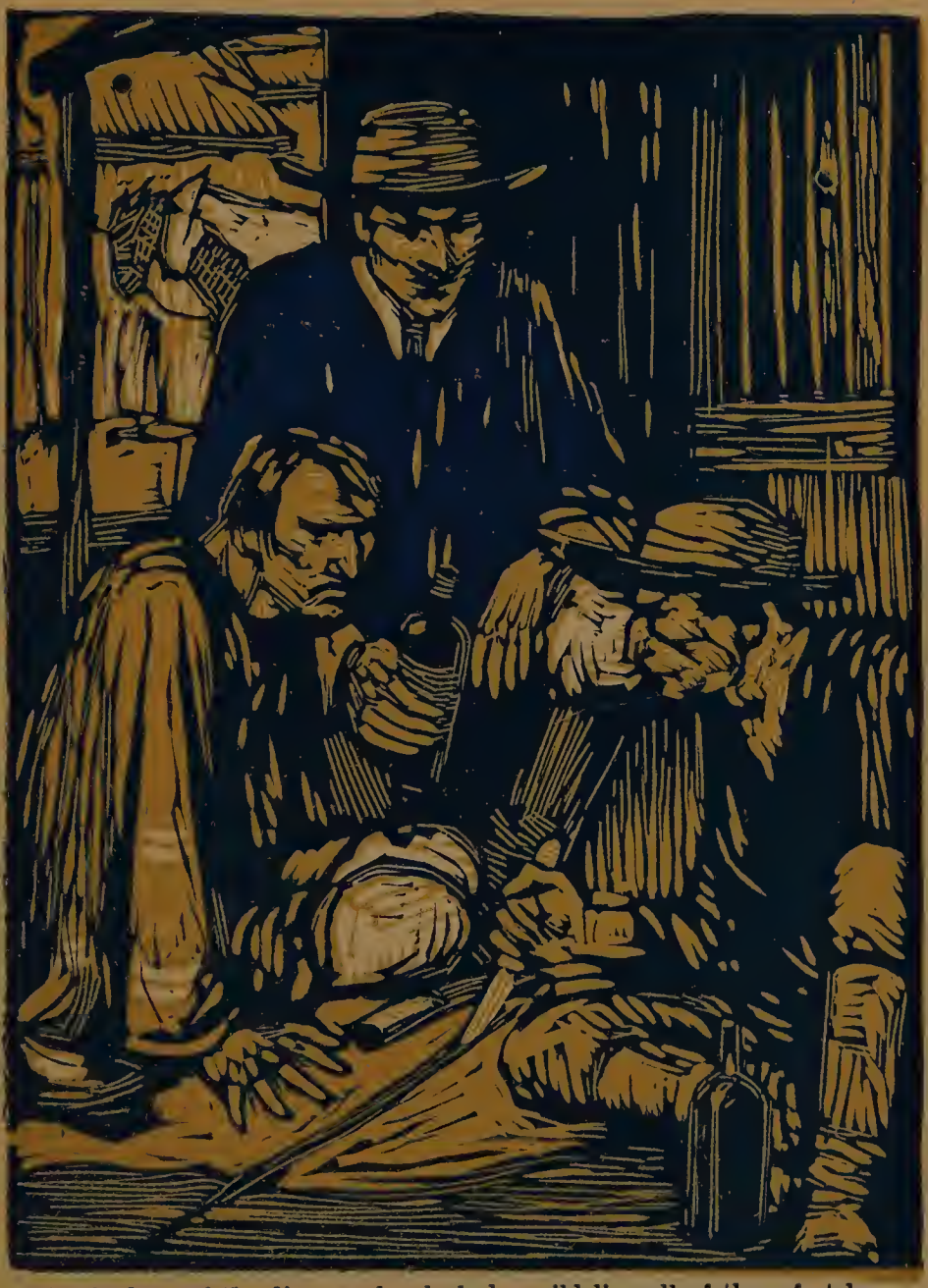
"Look you!" said Santiago to Lang, and not heeding Gonzales who leaned against the palenque. "Here, let us say, is the road leading to Cabeza del Mar, while this line that I make is the other road that branches across the bog-land to the pass."

He scratched out a rough plan on a place tramped bare by many hoofs, as he spoke, using the point of his thin-bladed and keen facon by way of pencil, squatted on his heels the while, leaning lightly on his brown and nervous left hand, which was not more than six inches from the feet of Gonzales.

Gonzales took a deep drink, an eye bent on Santiago, and said, "Think you that I am a fool to be thus shown? A thousand times have I crossed the place." Another drink followed the outburst.

But Santiago went on, pretending not to have heard the interruption. "And here," said he, "here, on this side, is the trail leading to Romero, and past Pozos de la Reina." He was very explicit, very careful in his markings out.

Gonzales laughed harshly and made a noise like a carancho. "Let me cut your tale short," he said, "lest I tire of your talk and cut your chattering tongue out," and stooped, facon in hand. At the base of the diagram he slashed a wild mark all of three feet long. "Thus runs the sea, the straits. And over here is Laguna Blanca. No?" There was another vicious slash. "And where I now point are the three black rocks." At the words, with clenched



At the base of the diagram he slashed a wild line all of three feet long

teeth and a grunt, he drove the point of his knife through the left hand of Santiago as it rested on the ground, pinning it fast. Then with a roar, "You fool! why leave your hand thus in danger on the picture?" and withdrew his knife to point with it to the spurting blood fountain.

In an instant, Santiago was on his feet. A single movement seemed to suffice. For the briefest moment the two gauchos stood, their eyes darting red hate, their facons quivering strangely. Then they leaped together, leaped apart again, and what mischief was done was hidden by their bodies, but while Santiago pressed his opponent, Gonzales fell back shrieking and his shirt suddenly became bright red, a rapidly spreading stain that fell in a broad streak across his thigh and down his leg to his potro boot. But in spite of his fury of pain the savage man animal in him was uppermost. As Santiago leaped at him he dropped on one knee, looked up, then rose, stabbing upwards as he did so, so that the blade took Santiago in the throat, under the chin, and he went to earth, his scarlet-stained left hand feebly trying to pluck away the knife. For a flash of time Gonzales kept his feet, swaying the while, his face distorted with a strange grin, then he fell heavily across the body of his enemy and there was an end to both of them.

"It was their own affair entirely," said Lang to Sweeney, as he picked up one of the knives, a silver handled one, and wiped the blade clean on a dead

man's poncho. "I suppose the best thing to do will be to sell the horses somewhere in Chilean territory, for they are certainly astray without an owner."

And that is what was done, for Lang, with a Finlander from Sinclair's place helping, drove the tropillas down to San Gregorio where such horses as were not sold en route at advantageous prices were shipped aboard a three-masted schooner and taken to Ancud.

Those who heard of it, and the news flew far, counted it a dirty piece of work, but, after all, of a piece with all of Lang's operations and one of which it could not be said: "Lang, of this you were guilty."

2

I came into contact with Lang some time later and before I had heard anything of his doings or his reputation. Indeed, at the time of the St. Julian affair I was first mate on board the *Seagull,* trading between the Malvinas and Montevideo, very displeased with my job and seeing nothing to admire in the sparkle of the sea and the trimness of sail and spar and line, but hankering very much indeed for a shore life, dreaming of twilight fields and cottages made glorious with crimson bloom. Because of that, when we dropped anchor abreast of the coal hulk at Punta Arenas, it was heigh ho! for the new life and the way to a hearth of my own.

With money in pocket and good clothes on my back, there was a holiday play of being a gentleman of leisure, for I had a sweetheart with whom I weaved

new fabrics from the threads of old romance. But our skeins grew tangled, and presently I had neither money nor maid, nor was I a day's march nearer the hearth and the crimson-twined cottage.

Then, in unhappy mood on a bright, warm, sunny day, I came to Domange's place near the mole, a place where jobless men and others not of the spending or possessing class gathered. It was filled with a talking, laughing, drinking crowd, some telling bawdy tales, here and there one or two sitting apart, very sullen, making idols of their grief. Following the custom of the country I threw down some money and called on the bar-tender, a dirty fellow in a torn shirt, to give all who chose to drink what they called for, and, not to appear unsociable, I fell to drinking with the rest. Others, not to be out-done in that kind of hospitality, also called for drink, and before long, what with my low spirits and my empty stomach, my head grew dizzy, and I found myself saying irresponsible things, so I sought the dining-room of the place, a fly-infested and foul-aired room, and there ate what was set before me until my brain grew clear again.

By that train of events I came to join the crew of the *Irene,* my shipmates being Big Bill, Olin of Sandefjord, and Andrew Lang, owner of the craft, and for the next two days quite forgot my woes, being busy stowing the cargo aboard our little ship. Nor was it much of a craft, for it carried nothing more than a jib-and-mainsail rig, and the cabin was so small that it held only two bunks, so that, sitting in it, the four of us were more closely crowded than

are four who sit in the cross seats of an interurban car; while, if we stood, our heads were above the deck level, the hatch being removed.

Five months in all we were on that cruise, going about the archipelago on the west coast of Patagonia, sometimes working our way up uncharted fjords which ended in great, beryl blue glaciers; sometimes fighting for our very lives night and day in fiercest gales, with sleet and snow chilling our blood; sometimes toiling at the oars as we towed the *Irene* up channels, through yellow-green valleys; sometimes landing on islands of barren hills and again where were tall and stately trees. But always, always with the same end in view we went, and those we met and traded with were the poorer for our visit, so that as I write, I am ill at ease at the remembrances that come crowding. Indeed, there were times when a native, unsuspicious of evil, setting too high a value on that which he had and for which Lang offered a price, swiftly fell a victim to commercialism rampant, for the quiet Lang had a way with him, and, moreover, held that those of dark skin were no more than cumberers of the earth. In time I grew more hardened, but a picture of the first man I saw shot down from behind with no chance to defend himself will not fade, and memory has not become time-blunted. One moment he was there, a fellow with splendid bronze limbs and chest, his white teeth bared in pleasurable anticipation of the joy in possession of the handful of biscuits and the lumps of sugar that were set on a rock, and another moment he was nothing recog-

nizable, an ugly, writhing thing in its death throes, coughing and spitting blood. Nor can I forget the hate that filled me when Lang stepped forward smiling, his smoking revolver in his hand.

"He's dead," he said, carefully polishing the silvered barrel on his sleeve. He was quiet, indifferent, almost negligent, and thrust a booted foot at the body. Then he picked up the seal skin for which the Indian had been bartering and flung it into the boat with a careless gesture. "Things are to be had cheaply if you only avoid sentimentality," he added with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

I wanted to curse him, to fight him, to kill him. Instead, I did nothing, being choked and blinded by a rush of blood to my brain. But when Lang turned to walk away, I cursed and cried out incoherently in a violent rage, at which Lang looked at me with an expression of assured self-confidence.

Five months of trading then there were, when, by fair means and foul, we had acquired much, and our little hold was packed with treasure so that we could count ourselves rich. Seal skins we had, and skins of otter, and plumage of rare birds, and pelts of the silver fox, rhea feathers, rubies, gold dust and many other things.

"All for woman," said Lang one day, as he rolled up the soft guanaco skins that had been torn from the unborn young. "Gentle creatures, women. Softhearted and kind and passive. For woman, the dangerous beast, we do all this."

Again I was dumb under a tremendous invasion of anger and stood with fists clenched, capable of nothing more than a mute gesture. Lang noticed me, and he smiled his cold smile.

"I have an extraordinary persuasion that you do not like me," he said. "It is unfortunate, because we may become involved in disputes."

The next morning we were homeward bound and that evening dropped anchor by Herrick island with foul weather threatening. It was an unpromising place, for between us and the land were jagged, pointed rocks, and the island itself on that side presents the appearance of a mountain rising straight from the sea. So we were in a gloomy place, made gloomier by the dark clouds that came rolling over the hilltop. But the tide was against us and we could not get out of the channel.

Then the southwester came and so all night, and the next day and the next night, too, we lay there, fuming and fretting, cooped together in that narrow space. They were long hours of acute physical wretchedness, of stuffiness, of sleeplessness, of cold and wet in a leaping, pitching, rolling little ship, and, banded together as we were, we grew to hate one another as needs must men who are too closely and long confined. We were full of bitter and dark thoughts and became almost open enemies, nor was there gleam of sun to brighten our day, while the ceaselessly moaning wind and the buffeting waves dulled our brains. We looked away to the black mountain masses that stood against a slaty sky, or to

windward over the white and foaming sea, anywhere so that no man should see his fellow's face. For hours on end we were silent, crushed by the thrilling torture of turbid sea and sleet-laden wind, and each knew in his heart that a word might open the way to railing and to quarrel.

After fifty hours of monstrous disorder, of a witches' confusion of wind and stinging hail and dashing spray and shrieking cordage and violent motion, there came a happening that stands out in my memory. Olin, bearded and ruddy of face, his hair wind blown, sat in the bows, unheeding the frothing foam that leaped aboard to swirl down the deck. Crouched low by the mast, leaning on his elbow, his teeth gripping an empty pipe was Big Bill, wet to the skin, his sou'wester fastened under his chin. Lang lay in his bunk reading the only book aboard, whilst I, very miserable, sat by the lashed tiller looking at the sapphire green seas that ceaselessly rolled on us. Once or twice I had tried to nerve myself to make a pannikin of coffee on the little cabin stove, but when I essayed to move, a surly unwillingness to do anything for the others came over me.

Presently Olin slid on his hams down the deck to where Big Bill lay. He twitched his beard, I noticed, and the action reminded me of that of a boy who might evince friendliness while half expecting to be repulsed for his advances. When he spoke, his tone seemed almost ingratiating.

"Say, Bill, what are you goin' to do with your share?" he asked in a deadened voice. "I mean when

the time comes to divide up. Goin' to quit this hellish life, eh? This sea life?"

Bill pondered awhile as was his way.

"Me?" he said slowly, and peered into the gathering gloom. "Don't know as I ever thought about it. Don't know as I ever did. When you spoke, I was thinkin' of a woman in Galveston who makes the best coffee and doughnuts I ever tasted. . . . Anyway, I suppose I'll do what I always done. Get on a booze an' ship agen when I'm busted. 'Tis always like that. Yet I been mate an' stevedore boss an' can run a gang of men, but can't run meself, like. Looks that way. Never learned how to run my own self. That's it."

"Well, we'd better quit all this," said Olin, indicating the sea-faring life in general by slapping the mast. "I'm goin' to ship no more. It's the land life for me. It'll be good-by and fare-you-well for me, when I'm out of this."

For sheer hunger of companionship I had moved over a little closer to them. Lang had put his book aside and was standing up in the cabin with his elbows on the edge of the hatchway, his chin resting on his arched wrists. Seeing Lang appear, Olin's friendliness collapsed visibly for a moment. But it was for a moment only. He pulled himself together and went on with what he had been saying.

"Everything's a muddle and I'm tired of it all. The Master of the world seems to be a careless captain and don't reward right, and don't punish. He doesn't pick out His chart nor keep a straight

course, Bill. And me, I made a mess of my life, I did. 'Cause why? Just this. I always took the way that seemed easiest and in the long run the easiest way is the hardest, you'll find. . . . What a man ought to do is to learn to boss himself. That's what he ought. Well, I'm going to straighten out my own life and belong to myself from now on."

Lang interrupted then with, "A sheer misconception, that last, Olin. Fellows such as you are born to obey, are born for those who know what they want."

There was a moment's silence. Over Lang's shoulder I saw Olin's face and the threatening frown that clouded it. Then all went into darkness as a white topped wave broke over us. Presently Olin took up his tale.

"I'm goin' to make a new start when I get ashore," he said. "I'll patch up matters with my wife. Anyway, I guess I was in the wrong, and if I wasn't, what am I to judge? But I got suspicious, I did. And perhaps I wanted to get away, for married life's mighty trying on a man who has been at sea. Still, that wife o' mine was a trim little woman. Graceful she was as a ship under full sail."

"She was that," agreed Big Bill, heartily. "She was what a man might call capable. Graceful, too, she was, graceful as a full-rigged ship under full sail, just as you said."

"Very pretty," put in Lang, at which Olin swore, but apparently at the weather, or the island, or the world.

But that, Lang did not heed, and went on as if unconscious of the manifest resentment of the two men. "She was pretty and lively. You know, Olin, at Gallegos it struck me that she formed a touching contrast with the other women of the place; they all overdressed and all that sort of thing. She was much too fine for a fellow like you."

Olin brought his rugged face round so as to stare straight at Lang. His great hairy hand went up and clutched his shirt at the breast. Almost he seemed like a lion about to leap. But he dropped his hand to the deck, gave a kind of growl, and fell to a round cursing of wind and weather. After a little he turned to Big Bill again.

"I'll make it up to her," he said, his voice very husky and deep. "She was kind-hearted, Bill."

Again Lang spoke and there was a mirthless smile on his lips and a note of contempt in his voice. Yet though his words taken in themselves were as nothing, they lit fires of anger in me.

"Very kind she was, as you say, Olin. Very kind indeed. I found her so. Kind and generous."

A vague foreboding had come over me and with a great start I realized that, for some time, I had been unconscious of the amazing energy of the storm, also that we were shouting at one another. Bill had been growling, wordlessly, but he broke off to strike the deck smartly with clenched fist. "She was a decent lass, Olin," he declared. "And if ever I'm lucky enough to get one like that, God help the man—" The sentence he left unfinished.

"Something seemed to come atween us," said Olin. "We started right, but something seemed to come atween. If I know who."

For sometime after that no one spoke. The trend of talk had set me thinking in a fragmentary way of my own future and my dream of a shore life with a garden riotous with flowers. So occupied was I that it came with a shock to hear Lang's voice when he said:

"Olin, talking of your wife, little Marion, did you ever notice that queer brown spot, a birth mark I suppose, that was just below her left breast?"

Then my heart ceased to beat for a moment of time, and the pain was as if a knife had been thrust into my chest. For a second Olin crouched where he was, staring at Lang, his chest heaving, his body slightly swaying. He drew a deep breath and swiftly passed his tongue over his lips. I saw his limbs stiffen, saw the flash of anger light up his eyes. Then, with a sudden leap he seemed to shoot through the air as a panther launches itself, and he dropped into the cabin beside Lang, roaring unintelligible things. There was a flash of a knife, an arm shot out, Lang's head ducked, and the blade struck the mast and bounded out into the sea. Then sharp rang the crack of a revolver, and Olin fell in a heap on to the cabin floor and all his resolves had come to naught.

Bill shouted something, tore off his sou'wester and cast it into the sea, scrambled down to the body of his shipmate and then fell on his knees beside it, moaning and calling "Olin, Olin!" Without knowing that I

did it, I found myself fashioning a pillow from a blanket dragged from Lang's bunk.

"Not that. Not that," said Bill hoarsely, and pulled away the folded blanket, threw it overboard, and tore off his own coat for a pillow. So narrow was the cabin space that the feet of the dead man were entangled with the stove legs, seeing which, Bill, in a passion of impatience, tore the stove from its moorings and threw it up on the deck. As he did that the lid of it came off, and, strangely enough though there was all that sorrowful trouble, I remember watching it roll half across the deck, curving to its fall at Lang's feet. For Lang then was on the deck and looking down at us. Then I found myself shaking, like one in a fever, and the thought came to me that Olin was, in a painless flash, freed from all the madness of life.

For a long time, Bill worked with the dead man, patting his bearded face, composing his limbs, talking to him. "Poor devil!" he said, over and over again. "Poor, unlucky devil. And you don't know nothing at all about it, you don't."

When the time came, Lang, unasked, gave us a hand to lift the body out of the cabin and on to the deck, but when he offered to help us lash it in an old sail cloth, Bill curtly bade him keep his hands off, whereupon Lang denounced him for an hysterical fool and went aft. After that we did not talk, but sat apart, each eyeing his fellow with sidelong glances, and as for me, I was malignant and revengeful, but vague as to plans.

With midnight there came a lessening of the wind, and we made an effort to get out of that hell hole. Lang, at the helm, handled the craft well in a ticklish place, while Bill and I stood by the sheets. There was a moment when it seemed as though we might not be able to make the passage, and the white hungry foam at the foot of the black rocks appeared to rush at us obliquely and dangerously as we came about; but the little craft made it handsomely and there was the unity of action born of a common peril, with each man knowing and doing his job. And so we stood out on the next tack and presently made the leeward side of the island where things were considerably easier, and dropped anchor. Easier, to be sure, but there was no sleep for any of us that night, and the shrieking wind was like the scream of some spiteful demon.

When the morning broke we lowered the chatty and laid the body of Olin in it for burial ashore, then Lang and Bill shoved off, leaving me to get things shipshape aboard, for there was a terrible mess to clean up and we were all impatient to be gone from there. The storm had blown itself out, and the island, grim and forbidding, could be seen indistinctly through a heavy haze. It was piercingly cold and the sea looked like slate, sullen and melancholy and fearful, with long lanes of smooth, snaky brown kelp running as far as the eye could reach. Through that seaweed Lang and Bill had to cut a way, one lifting the stems over the bows and hacking at them with a hatchet while the other kept the oars. I watched them until they disappeared in the mist but caught

never a word from either, and then, in sheer desperation at the desolation all about, went energetically to work, trying to get the blood stains from the planks, scouring and cleaning, folding Olin's things up, seeing to it the lines were in running order, resetting the stove, and one thing and another. There was plenty to do for a while. But hour after hour passed with no sign of the returning chatty.

The haze lifted about noon and a cold sun came out so that I could see the land, a mile or a little less away, and a dismal prospect it was, what with its dusky woods, its sandy shore, and its dark hills slashed with narrow valleys. But strain as I might, neither sign of boat nor men could I see, nor could I raise any answer to my hail, though each call brought the screaming chorus of a thousand sea birds. So, miserably passed the long day and came night and a dead world, and in fearful anticipation I hung out the riding light. Nor was there sleep. In the black hours I crouched in the black angle of the bows, finding friendliness only in the yellow light swinging above, not daring to peer into the dark lest I should clap eyes on the unutterable horror of Lang's white, staring face. There were other grewsome imaginings.

With the dawn, chilled through and through so that I trembled, I launched the little canoe and paddled ashore. Sick with fear and loneliness I could stay aboard no longer. Strange half dreams and realities mingled, and hope itself seemed very remote.

The drift of the tide took me far to the south of where, as I judged, the chatty had landed, but after

pulling my canoe far up the beach, well above high water mark, I set off to search for I knew not what.

What with my low condition, my weariness and my hunger, walking soon became sad toil. Above high water there were bunchy grass tussocks in swampy land, and walking near the sealine was worse, the sand being soft and yielding, so that every step I went ankle deep. So I kept to the strip between grass—land and sand, though that was difficult, for it was scattered with tree trunks washed bare, with other jetsam too, much of it. Once I stood, caught with interest at part of a packing case which had drifted there, and the black stencilling could be faintly seen. I could make out the lettering,

Le Roy Frères
ANVERS

At that my mind fell to wondering what happy man had done that printing in some far away warehouse, and, in my mind's eye, I saw him at work, an aproned fellow, whistling as he worked, looking up now and then to glance through an open door at a vision of red-roofed houses. My mind found relief in playing with the idea, and I saw other aproned men, children, dogs, boxes, loungers, church spires cutting the blue sky, the wonders of a city of ancient glory. Almost I heard the noise of trade in the moaning of the sea, dream sounds of shouts and hammerings, of carts rattling over cobbled stones, faint church bells, snatches of song. Then with a crash I came back to

the primal things about me and felt the shadow of defeat.

At last I came across the tracks that I had sought. They crossed the path that I trod, at right angles. Seaward the tide had obliterated all marks, and my mind grew busy with speculation when I saw no sign of the chatty. I clung to the hope that it explained the non-return of my ship-mates, that by carelessness due to excitement they had left the boat where the tide had caught it and borne it away while they were inland. Thus, I had but to follow the trail and come upon them, and somehow we would make the ship again, with the canoe. Hanging fast to that hope I began to follow the trail, which led sharply up hill and was clearly the trail of two men. Rapidly signs multiplied and I was cheered. Here, as I could plainly see, they had paused to rest and the grass was crushed where they had set down the body. In another place where the earth was soft was the imprint of one of Bill's sea boots, the heel very deep.

I had not pushed on more than two hundred yards in the thin forest when I came to the crest of the foot hill, where I lost the trail, for the ridge top was rocky. But a little to the right of where I stood there was a thick growth of brush, much disturbed in one place. Going there, I found a steep place, and the grass had been much trampled and there were many foot marks on the soft earth. A step or so more and my foothold slipped from me and I went half falling, half sliding, but, clutching wildly at a thorny bush checked myself, though scrambling to gain a toehold in a

rush of loose earth, conscious that below me was a fall of sheer depth. But my bush held well and I found footing dangerously, then took firmer hold of my saving branch. And hanging thus, I looked down, not daring to take in the whole depth at a glance, but gradually, half seeking a way to climb down by a bush here, a ledge there, in case I could not regain the ridge because of the loose earth. So I saw at last the bottom of the valley, dared to look straight down, and recognized the huddled white heap that had been Olin. But something else I saw, and seeing, doubted my eyes. For another body lay there beside it and by the red cap it wore I knew it to be big Bill. He lay sprawled, his arms oddly extended, face downwards, and between his shoulders stuck a knife. Already carrion birds had found the bodies.

I remember running along the ridge, but I have no recollection of clambering out of that place. I went running on the back trail, sobbing and gesticulating as I went. I say I remember, because there was another man in me, one who was perfectly composed, and who wondered at my own madness of grief. Then there is a blank following a wild passion of weeping, while I was in headlong flight down the hill. And again I found myself on the beach beside my canoe, with a noise and a whirling in my brain. For the little ship was under sail and rounding the point near which I stood. I saw the white feathering water at the bows, saw Lang at the helm, saw him wave to

me. And the breeze was fair so that the *Irene* soon stood away on her course.

Now for more than three months I was upon that island and only once did I dare to look at the bodies of my former shipmates to assure myself. The work of the birds that clawed and tore was too horrible. For sustenance, though I wanted little, I took such berries and eggs as I came across, and there were mussels to be had at low water, and mushrooms, and other edible fungi in the woods. Each day I climbed a hill from which I could see the strait while keeping my canoe in sight, and there, for hours, I sat watching in profoundest misery and despair. But it was not always so, for there were moments of happiness of a kind. There were days when the wind was still, the sky a cloud-flecked blue, and then, from my hill top I could look down on a pear-shaped gulf to see a cliff that slanted steeply, so that my eye, guided by it, could follow into green cool depths until I caught the sandy bottom, with great rocks of yellow gray, saw sharply defined shadows and here and there a gently waving garden of sea weed. Sometimes, down there, I saw little clouds arise as they were stirred by sea creatures, clouds of sand which were held by the water, and it was of vast interest to watch them spread and slowly settle until the rock showed again. Sometimes on a rock at the neck of the gulf a sea lion would sit sunning, and its deep booming came like music. There were gulls, too, to watch, sometimes a

great white albatross, sometimes a lone wheeling condor like a lofty watcher.

One night I was awakened by the deep, grave hoot of a steam whistle, and for a while I did not get up, thinking it a dream. But a second hoot brought me to my feet and I saw dots of ruddy brightness and steady lights, and then came the music of throbbing engines.

Those who have read Soro's book, *El Vellarino,* may recall that part of the tenth chapter in which the story of the picking up of the castaway is told. As set down from the view point of the historian, the details are bald and uninteresting. Indeed the incident is brushed aside with this swift mention: "The look out reported a man in a canoe and the poor fellow was picked up and taken to Valparaiso. He was in terribly destitute state. By the generosity of one of the passengers he was fitted out with new clothes."

I was that castaway. It is true that the baldness of the narrative was due to what seemed my moroseness, or my stupidity. But the fact is that I told nothing of my tale, because it was borne upon me that those who gathered to look at the sight of a rescued man imagined me to be crazed. Besides, they regarded me as a curiosity and it is not well to be so regarded. And when some tried to perform acts of kindness, well meant, I felt myself breaking down, dismayed. Above all I wanted to be alone. Later, when I was calmer, I wanted to forget and, being

pressed, dismissed the whole matter curtly with a lie, saying that I had been left behind inadvertently by a sealing outfit.

Then came the incident of the suit of clothes, paid for by that generous passenger. That was after my tale of the sealing outfit had been told and accepted. I wore the clothes for a couple of days and then traded them off for a suit of dungarees and other rough things, trading with the ship's carpenter. This was the reason. One evening, one of the sailors pointed out to me the passenger who had paid for the things, and I looked up to the after deck and saw him standing under the striped awning, laughing and talking with some ladies, and looking at me incuriously, a pensive kind of man with a straight chin, and gray eyes, and well-formed nose, a man graceful and well dressed.

Picture to yourself the utter impossibility of the crazed castaway denouncing that patrician of culture, that favored wealthy passenger on his honeymoon, who was listened to with sympathetic and respectful silence, as Lang, the bushranger and murderer. The notion is grotesque.

THE END